

GEORGE ROBERT WHITE SCOTT

In Memoriam



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G. R. W. Scott

In Memoriam

Rev. George Robert White Scott

Ph. D., D. D.

Scott, George R. (D.D.)



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FOREWORD

It has been my purpose in preparing this book to share in part not only my own knowledge of the noble, manly soul, great heart, and earnest brain that has gone from us, — but to let some of those who have been permitted in various ways to enter into the inner circle of his life and purpose testify their high appreciation of his character, worth, and work.

No man ever lived who won friends more readily. His very smile, illuminating as it did his whole face ; the warm grasp of his hand, the tender word, and thoughtful helpful sympathy ; his generous response to the many calls upon his charity ; all told in a large way of the loving heart that controlled his purpose and his life.

And how his friends loved him ! His churches one and all were most devoted and loyal, bound to him with bands of steel. So close was the affection that it made every visit, though years might elapse between, a going home to his family. Truly it may be said of

him that once his friend, always his friend, for the more he was known, the better was he loved.

First in the story of his life must ever be placed his work as a minister of the Gospel, for it came first in all his plans; nothing was ever allowed to interfere or to take precedence over this work which he loved so dearly. I can think of no phrase which will so fittingly describe him as "Singleness of purpose." These texts were truly exemplified in his life: "This one thing I do;" "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." From my earliest knowledge of him this has been his paramount desire; to it all things tended, all things contributed.

Strong in his religious convictions, and firm in his determination to adhere ever to that which was right, with much emphasis could he say, "I have kept the faith." Not only did he keep his soul stayed on the "eternal verities," but he preached the Gospel, and with no uncertain sound. He loved to preach. As a student, a scholar, he was indefatigable. His books were his daily companions — his friends. He loved them as friends, and selected them with great care.

I have prepared this book for his friends, and not

for the general public ; therefore some details and extracts from letters have been included which would perhaps have been omitted from a biography intended for the public. If it shows even in part the man he was,—and that is all that can be given,—our loss will seem the greater, our sorrow the more sacred, and the hope of reunion the more glorious.

MARY DOW SCOTT.

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
SEPTEMBER, 1904.



GEORGE ROBERT WHITE SCOTT, PH.D., D.D.

REV. ALEXANDER STEVENSON TWOMBLY, D. D.*

DR. SCOTT was born in Pittsburg, Pa., April 17, 1842, and died at Berlin, Germany, September 13, 1902. His death by appendicitis, after a short illness, when announced by cable in America, seemed hardly credible, so vigorous in health was he almost to the end of his last, and perhaps most notable, trip abroad.

He was Fraternal Delegate of the National Council of American Congregational Churches to the Tercentenary celebration and dedication of the John Robinson Memorial Church of Gainsborough, England, an occasion of world-wide interest, and had been instrumental in raising over \$5,000 for this Pilgrim church, among the Massachusetts contributors to which were Governor Crane, Bishop Lawrence, and President Eliot. During the services, June 8-11, 1902, he made three of the addresses; of the princi-

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pal one, Professor Duff of United College, Bradford, said: "It was the finest address, to my mind, of any during the celebration. It was not an address, it was an oration."

On Sunday, September 28, a memorial service was held, as a tribute to him, in the Gainsborough church; also, on the same day, in the American church, Berlin, the American ambassador coming from Dresden to attend the service. In the appreciative sermon at Gainsborough, the pastor, Rev. H. S. Griffiths, said: "Dr. Scott's visit to Gainsborough had the effect of recalling you to yourself, to show how much you were capable of doing in the cause of God when inspired by the spirit of God. He came not only as a golden-handed bearer of fraternal treasure, but to manifest his brethren's beauty of character, his country's devotion to the mother country, to emphasize the loyalty of the children of the Pilgrim to the ideals, duties, and sacred obligations of the Pilgrims. He came bearing a message from the Christian churches of his free country saying, We are not divided." It was decided by the church to erect a marble tablet to his memory in the new edifice.

Subsequent to his visit to Gainsborough, Dr. Scott preached with great acceptance several times in London. He also gave addresses at Hackney College, London, and at the United Yorkshire College, Bradford, besides speaking at the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

His later letters told of delightful walks over the Hartz Mountains, and he exulted in the joy of living among the forests and hills.

On November 1, his funeral was held in the Eliot Congregational Church, Newton, Mass., the officiating clergymen being the Reverend Doctors W. H. Davis, pastor of the church, Alexander McKenzie of Cambridge, Edward L. Clark, and Samuel E. Her- rick of Boston. There were delegations present, representing the churches and institutions with which he had been connected. Among these were the American Historical Association, the American Home Missionary Society, in which he was a member of the national committee, the Congregational National Council, the Massachusetts State Association of Congregational Churches, the New England Historic Genealogical Society, American Board of Foreign

Missions, of which he was a corporate member, Boston Theological Library, Andover Theological Seminary, Middlesex Congregational Union, the Congregational Club of Boston, the Bostonian Society, the Monday and Tuesday Clubs of Newton, and the Board of Trustees of Jaffna College of Ceylon.

At the close of the impressive service the casket was taken to the family lot in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, the Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, of the American Board, officiating at the interment.

At Leominster, Mass., on the 9th day of November, memorial services were held in the church where Dr. Scott had occupied the pulpit as a supply for five and a half years, 1893 to 1898; and also at Rollstone Church, Fitchburg, Mass., on the 16th of November.

George Robert White Scott was of Scotch and English ancestry. His father, John Scott, is believed to have been of the same family from which Sir Walter Scott descended, and his mother, Eliza Boden, a descendant of the family of which James Beattie, the poet, was a member.

His early youth was spent in his native State,

Pennsylvania, but later, through the influence of his guardian, who was a New England man, he was educated in New England. He was graduated from Middlebury College, Vermont, in 1864, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1867.

His first pastorate was at Newport, N. H., where he supplied the pulpit for a year and, being ordained September 17, 1868, remained as pastor until 1873. At his installation, Professor Edwards A. Park preached the sermon.

After leaving Newport, he spent two years in Boston, in charge of the Chambers Street Mission, a work supported by the Old South Church of that city.

His principal pastorate was in Fitchburg, Mass., where for twelve years, from 1876 to 1888, he was the pastor of the Rollstone Church, a large and influential society. He was too broad-minded to confine himself wholly to parish work, but, while unusually successful as pastor and preacher, he never refused useful work as a citizen. His influence in the city of Fitchburg made him not only popular, but a power in civic and benevolent affairs.

In his chosen profession Dr. Scott won the love

and admiration of his parishioners. To mention his name to any person, rich or poor, young or old, among those to whom he ministered, is enough to call forth expressions that show how profoundly he was beloved, and how strong was the personal and spiritual impression made by him upon the men, women, and children of his flock.

With a commanding presence, fine voice, and magnetic personality, he was a marked figure in any assembly, and his utterances comported with his large bodily stature. He was a member of several national councils of the Congregational churches, and spoke at the last two, 1898 and 1901. He was moderator of the Massachusetts Association of Churches, "the highest gift of the Congregationalists of his State."

His health being seriously affected by his strenuous labors in Fitchburg, his physician insisted on a visit abroad for rest and recuperation, and in December, 1885, he went to Germany, still retaining his pastoral relation with the Rollstone Church, and his position as chaplain on the staff of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment.

His residence of six years abroad restored his health, but during that period he was by no means inactive. He preached in various places, Dresden, Florence, Venice, and Rome. He identified himself with the American church in Berlin, preaching the installation sermon of Rev. Dr. Stuckenberg, working as a member of the church committee, and taking charge of the church during the pastor's absence in America.

He made a tour through Germany with Dr. Philip Schaff, carrying letters from well-known professors insuring him exceptional opportunities for becoming acquainted and renewing old friendships with scholars and prominent people. He was a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance, which met in Florence, Italy.

In Germany he spent the year 1886 at Tübingen, in study, and at Berlin was a member of the University for two more years, graduating and receiving, in 1889, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He had already been honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, in 1883, by his Alma Mater in America, and by Olivet College, Michigan, the same year.

Returning to his native land with renewed health,

he determined to test his strength as a pastor and preacher, and to that end he accepted an invitation to supply, for six months, the Congregational church of Leominster, Mass. His work there not only proved his power of physical endurance, but was so acceptable to the people that he was persuaded to remain, although he declined installation as their pastor.

Five and a half years at Leominster were full of earnest work and, as a member said, "He might have stayed fifty years." "A devoted friend to every good cause, his pastorates were the means of systematizing all departments of church work, so that when he left, his successor found everything in readiness to his hand."

That his ability as an organizer and administrator was remarkable is seen in the fact that no less than four colleges, one of them his own Alma Mater, offered him the position of president. He was for years trustee of two educational institutions, Dow Academy, in Franconia, N. H., and Jaffna College, Ceylon. In many such lines his good sense and business capacity were felt in a marked degree. In public

meetings he was apt to be chosen as moderator, and he won his way as a leader of men not only by his just decisions, but also by his cheerful and conciliatory manner.

When he gave up local parish work and established himself in his home, Kenrick Park, Newton, with his books and many mementos of travel around him, he found, as he said, that he "was never busier in his life." He was much in demand for supplying pulpits, for addresses, and for committees.

As a preacher, somewhat argumentative in style and rich in illustration, his thought was convincing, his language vivid, strong, and eloquent, while his one aim was the spiritual exaltation of his hearers. His platform speeches were telling and emphatic. His voice and manner were efficient factors in attracting and holding the attention of his auditors. He lost no time in rhetorical flourishes. His diction was chaste, and he could preach in German quite as readily as in English.

As a writer, his contributions to literature show his varied qualities. Among other published works we may mention the "Italian Renaissance of To-day,"

inspired by his travels in Italy and his acquaintance with some prominent personages in that country. He was a contributor to the historical and religious magazines and journals, "The Chicago Advance," "The Independent," "The Congregationalist," "Our Day," "Good Words" (Eng.), and others.

The biographical sketch of Rev. Edwards A. Park, D.D., of Andover, his teacher in the seminary and a personal friend, in the volume, "Professor Park and His Pupils," in which he collaborated with Joseph Cook and others, is perhaps his masterpiece, considered in its accuracy of statement and its literary style. As chairman of the committee on papers and essays in the New England Historic Genealogical Society, of which organization he became a member in 1893, his literary taste was conspicuous and valuable.

In all domestic and social relations he was delightful. As husband and father he was always young, mirthful, and, as one who ought to know said, "always a lover." He married, September 22, 1869, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Moses Arnold Dow of Boston, the founder of Dow Academy, and a direct

descendant of Molly Burr, the niece of President Aaron Burr of Princeton. With his two sons, George Dow and Arnold, now in professional life, he was "a boy again; one with them in their educational pursuits, winning their enthusiastic love and confidence." A daughter, Mary Elizabeth, died in infancy.

Wherever he lived, he soon took a high place in the esteem and affection of neighbors and acquaintances. His manliness, his rich quality as a scholar and observer, and his genial, hearty manners made him welcome in the club and in society. His sense of humor and his ready wit kept him ever breezy and bright as a companion and a fellow traveler.

He had few antagonisms; or rather, having the rare faculty of expressing himself in his reserves only when some useful purpose would thereby be attained, he carried on, as one has phrased it, "moral warfare alone." If he believed a theory, philosophical or religious, he was seldom other than impersonal in contending for it. He could give hard blows for a cause, but their force was never impaired by any animosity toward those opposed to his views.

A trusty and sturdy friend, hospitable as a host,

with judicious generosity he used his ample resources, mental and material, for the welfare and happiness of others. He was pleased, as we all are, with the appreciation by others of his efforts, but he showed, in moments of confidence with intimate companions, that his reliance on his own powers was duly tempered by a modest self-distrust.

Dr. Scott, during the past few years, was enjoying even larger opportunities for usefulness than ever before. The promise for his coming years was of still riper fruitage, the result of his studious life and increasing ability as a speaker and writer. His thorough literary habits and his acquaintance at home and abroad with men of superior gifts, together with a familiar knowledge of the German language and literature, had given him added power in thought and expression.

We cannot repress the conviction that, with his high aims and persistent self-culture, he was cut down, like a vigorous and expanding tree stricken by the electric bolt, with the richest fruit ungrown and ungathered. Sadly, then, but hopefully for his immortal future, we may say of our friend:—

“Thy spirit, ere our fated loss,
Did ever rise from high to higher,
As mounts the heavenward altar fire;
As flies the lighter through the gross.”

FUNERAL SERVICE



FUNERAL SERVICE

ELIOT CHURCH, NEWTON, MASS., Saturday, November 1, 1902

INVOCATION

REV. WILLIAM H. DAVIS, D. D.

O Thou whom we call our Father and Friend and Comforter to the hearts of men, vouchsafe the sense of Thy presence in this memorial hour that brings us here together! We turn by a great instinct toward Thee, our Father, in our hours of trouble and sorrow, and we bless Thee for the great cheer of the Gospel of Thy Son. And we pray that the comfort of these tidings of joy may come to us in this hour of our sorrow. Let Thy blessing rest upon those closest to Thy servant and deepest in the sorrow of their hearts; upon the churches represented here whom Thy servant was privileged to serve in the Gospel of Thy Son; give to these friends and kindred and all these neighbors who have gathered for these tributes of remembrance and love Thy benediction. And grant

this and the infinite comfort of Thy presence, and the hopes that gather about Thy truth to each and every one of our hearts. We ask this for Christ's sake. Amen.

SCRIPTURE READING

REV. EDWARD L. CLARK, D. D.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies.

The Lord is merciful and gracious.

He will not always chide.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

The children of thy servant shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee: in whose heart are the ways of them.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him

up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.

For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.

Knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus

shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you.

For all things are for your sakes, that the abundant grace might through the thanksgiving of many redound to the glory of God.

For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads.

These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant,

Make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is wellpleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

HYMN

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

In all the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

LETTER

FROM REV. AMORY H. BRADFORD, D. D.,
MODERATOR OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCHES OF THE UNITED STATES

REV. DR. DAVIS:—I hold in my hand a letter received this morning from the moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches, under whose commission Dr. Scott went abroad. Regretting exceedingly his inability to be present in person to speak to us the words that were in his heart, he has written them briefly in the letter: —

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
MONTCLAIR, N. J., Oct. 31, 1902.

TO THE REV. W. H. DAVIS, D. D.

DEAR DR. DAVIS:—I have just learned that the funeral services of the late Rev. Geo. R. W. Scott, D. D., are to be held at your church to-morrow. It is fitting that some word should be spoken at that time by the moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches, in whose service Dr. Scott went abroad. I extremely regret that important engage-

ments which I cannot delegate will prevent my presence in Newton to-morrow. I therefore venture to send to you a few words of appreciation of Dr. Scott, to be read at the memorial services if there be opportunity.

Few men in our churches were better known or more sincerely honored than Dr. Scott. His heartiness won for him a host of friends; his genuineness bound them to him so that once his friend was to be always his friend; his scholarship was ample and accurate; his interest in the work of our churches was sympathetic and practical. He had much of the vision of a statesman. He was a growing man, and every time I met him I felt that he was steadily rising into nobler and more generous manhood.

His services in behalf of our missionary enterprise in its various forms were constant and, I believe, singularly wise and helpful. To him more than to any single man is due the fact that the amount assigned to the American churches to be raised for the John Robinson Memorial Church at Gainsborough, England, was secured.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the high esteem

in which Dr. Scott was held in England. His learning, his geniality, his hospitality, his large vision, had won for him a host of friends in that country, as I personally know. Few men in our ministry were more widely known or more deservedly honored.

He went to his final rest at God's call, when he was absent from his native land at the bidding of the Pilgrim churches. He was a man of God, great and true and good. We will gratefully cherish his memory, and for long years to come our people will rejoice in the service which he has rendered to his country and to the Kingdom of God.

Wishing that it were possible for me to give to these words the emphasis of my presence and my voice; and praying, for all who may be gathered to do honor to the memory of our friend and brother, Grace, Mercy, and Peace,

I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

AMORY H. BRADFORD.

ADDRESS

REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D. D.

We are disposed at this hour to commune with our own hearts and be still, and any words that are to be spoken are simply the effort of the heart to utter the feelings that cannot be expressed. As we think within ourselves, and one with another, we pay perhaps our best tribute to him in whose memory we are gathered.

It is Saturday afternoon. In this house, in this service, we cannot forget that Saturday afternoon so long ago, when He who was the Teacher and Master of our friend, and the Life and Light of the world, lay in that new sepulchre in the garden, in which no man before Him had been laid. Saturday afternoon, — and a few hours later, when it was yet dark, the Light issued from that darkness, and the world was brightened with Life and Immortality. Ever since that time we are unable to linger in our Saturdays; it is a Sunday light that is upon us. We speak of death, but death is abolished; we speak of partings, and they

break into meetings. We are not able to be altogether sad, nor at all despairing, but rather we enter into the gladness of that which is so close at hand, and we write upon this memorial service the word of triumph and of hope written upon the monument of one of the finest of the English saints and scholars:

“The trumpet shall sound.”

It is this that we need to think upon. It is not the present moment, it is not the brief interval between this hour and the Sunday morning. It is the glory which is perfect and everlasting, and which comes while it is yet dark and brightens the world forevermore.

For we pay the tribute of our regard, affection, and honor to him who has fallen upon sleep for a little time; and we meditate upon his life and conversation, and most of all upon the glory that is round about him. He had been chosen for a high service. He was yet young — six and twenty — when he was ordained to the highest of all callings, in which for four and thirty years he spent his life; a calling great enough for any man's ambition, good enough for any

man's devotion. He was content with that, and would have been content for many a day to come. Sixty years seem a little time when we think of him in his strength, when we would have predicted for him many years of life and service, — the years seem so brief a span. Yet they are a long time. One who is earnest and economical with his days can do marvelous things in sixty years. He gave himself with the full energy of his being to make out a life of large measures within these limits. He was strong; we always saw it when we looked at him. He was brave, and his heart was full of energy. His years were spent in the happiest conditions, free from anxiety and misgiving, so that he was able in liberty of heart and in cheerfulness of spirit to do the work to which he had been called, and whose summons, of his own will, he had answered. He became the scholar that he might be the preacher. He learned what could be learned in our schools; he supplemented this with the learning of older lands, which gave to him their inspiration and their honors. He learned of men; of men with whom he talked and of men in books which were his companions and friends. He knew them. His library

was the "lap of eternity," where he could be among devout souls. He had fellowship with the great minds, the great hearts, the great saints, the great victors of all the centuries, to make his life rich and large and true. Then, taking this learning, which was ample, devoting it that it might be spent and spend itself for others, he became the preacher of the Word. There was no truth so high it was not his truth; there was no vision so exalted it was not his vision; there was no work that could be done for man so great, or for the world so precious, as the work which lay within the compass of his calling, as the minister of the Lord of Light and Life, with the truth which is forevermore the truth for men. He preached the living Gospel in sincerity and in fidelity.

Then he became more than this. Not content to utter in public that which he had learned in private, he ministered to men one by one, carried comfort in the large way, carried good cheer and helpfulness; glad to incite young men to make the most of life and to show them the way in which it could be done; glad to smooth the pathway of those whose ways had grown weary and whose burdens were heavy; getting

that he might give, finding that the giving was better than the receiving, and steadily enlarging the receiving because it was to be transfigured into the giving. Thus he ministered in the parishes where he was happily placed. He went further in discharging his duties as a citizen, taking all public interests to his heart; never without opinion and never dreading to express opinion; giving himself to the community where he lived and to the land of which he was proud. He made by this means a finer and greater life, which came even within these proportions which we wish, which we can hardly help wishing, had been enlarged.

He became in this ample way the Christian man, the preacher, the pastor, the citizen, and always and in all the friend. What he was within his own household is not to be told here. What he was to those who knew him we are saying to ourselves and one to another. I think we are bearing this testimony which is rare, — not very rare, — that the closer we came to him, the more we found to like; the deeper we went into his heart, the more there was to reverence. As a friend he wore well. He is in our mind the Christian

gentleman, the useful citizen; one who cherished his self-respect, but wished the esteem of men, and liked to be on good terms with them; who valued friendship and was constant in it, ready to give his sympathy, ready to give his strong hand, ready when you came into his presence to let his strength and vigor pass upon you till you felt braver and truer for the work which was his and yours.

This was the life: thus generous at its beginning and its endowment; large in its opportunities, and yet larger in the skill to perceive the opportunity, and the courage to enter into it and to meet its duties. This is the life we look upon as now we come to its transition; and we believe that nothing is changed, but that still remain the ministerings of a good man, the good minister, the good scholar, the good teacher, the good Christian, — ministries not for an instant interrupted, but which, under the larger conditions of a freer life that never is broken, will be fulfilled according to the greatness of the calling.

I do not know that there are three better words which I can lay upon his memory than those which come to us from out of the Book of the Revelation —

three words set together, an ample epitaph for any man who is worthy to wear them: “Called, chosen, faithful.” Called — with that great call that summons every man into service; chosen — for a special place and a special work; faithful — in that which was given him to do. It sometimes comes to pass that the movement does not keep in place with the beginning, and that the end does not match the course that has led to it. Sometimes the close of life is beautiful, symmetrical, artistic, perfect, a crowning and consummating which makes us feel the fitness of it. Something of this was given to him. I do not need to remind you of two things which came at the close, as he went on to round out his work and to add the decoration to these sixty years. As a student he had a great teacher, chief among our masters; he had continued to learn of him through all the years of his ministry. He had been the friend of the old teacher in his age; he had been his consoler when years were heavy upon him; and when the teacher had fallen by the way, his hands gathered up the annals of the life; and he set them in words and gave them to the world. Now along the lines which mark the memory of that

master run the thought, the handwriting, the heart-writing, of this man who was his scholar and biographer. It is something to have that among the last deeds of a man's hand and heart, — the grateful tribute to one to whom life is so vastly indebted.

The other tribute is that which has just been mentioned in our hearing. It is a great thing when a man can unite two countries. It is a vast thing when a man lives in admiration of his own country and his own church, and can trace back the history of the church and the country, and find it in the place of its beginnings, — find its Bethlehem, and lay the gold and frankincense and myrrh where the beginning was; when he can gather up the greetings and treasures of these churches and carry them back to the place out of which our churches sprang, there to testify to the affection of children's children and pledge heart and hand in loyal fellowship with those who are nearer the birthplace of our faith and life. Think how close in alliance are these two lands, with one history, one literature, speaking one language, cherishing one faith, set to one ministry, which is giving to the world the Gospel of the Son of God. When

these two nations are set together for the greatest enterprise which nations have ever known, it is something to have a part, even a simple and humble part, in an enterprise which means so much of good; so much of faith and daring for the world and for the work that is before us. When I think upon my friend, remember the vigor with which he walked, the earnestness with which he spoke, the zeal with which he toiled, it is pleasant to remember that there came these laurels at the last, this filial devotion to his master and his friend, this filial devotion to the beginning of the churches which he loved, to the faith that he cherished, and the mission of this faith to the world. His years were well crowned.

Only a few days ago, Lord Rosebery in Glasgow unveiled the statue of the greatest Englishman of our time; and he said that the signal qualities which made Mr. Gladstone what he was were these: courage, faith, industry. The signal qualities which made our friend what he is were courage — great strength, great daring, great enterprise, the consciousness of vigor, the willingness to put it forth; great faith — taking hold upon the Almighty, getting the vision of

the unseen, feeling the thrill and throb of the endless life within him; then the industry — treasuring, enlarging, declaring, witnessing, giving himself out in all the fullness of a generous devotion. Is it not true that these are his, — courage, faith, industry, — and all inspired of Heaven and lived in the thought of the everlasting life?

A man may live alone. Who isolates his life impoverishes his life. To what shall he join it? The fashion of this world passes away, and he who rests in it passes away in it. There is but one thing that is eternal, and that is truth, and He whose name we bear is the Truth. This man was wise enough, yet not for his own sake alone, to give himself to the Infinite Life and Love. He put his life within the one life, he lost his life within the Lord's life; and there he found it, and keeps it while it moves on within the life divine. So far as he was true to his own thought, he had no thought separate from that. He learned of the life that was about him; he drew in the energy of the life in which he had his being; he lived not after the law or the carnal commandments, but after the life of Him who died and is risen again, and who ever liveth. That word which we do not clearly understand,

which presents itself so dimly to our imagination, is to be fulfilled in him: "Ye who have followed me, when I shall sit upon my throne, ye also shall sit upon thrones, judging the tribes of Israel." I do not know all that it means, but it means that the glory of Christ is upon those who have been true to Him; that reigning with Christ belongs to those who have followed Him; that those that have walked with Him here shall walk with Him forever, and after that forever.

We turn away with His gracious words for our comfort: "Where I am, there shall also my servant be." Where is he? Where is the risen Christ? There is he, "That friend of mine who lives in God." "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which Thou hast given me." No man beholds it till it is within him, and the beginning is given here. Then that last word, highest promise and prophecy ever made concerning man, the testimony of the disciple whom Jesus loved, that we cannot imagine what is coming to us, only we know this, that He shall appear, and when He shall appear we shall be like Him. We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him; we shall see Him as He is.

HYMN

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

PRAYER

REV. S. E. HERRICK, D. D.

O Almighty and Eternal God, who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of Thy Son Christ our Lord; purge and cleanse the vision of our souls this day, that we may see the great multitude which no man can number of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and crying with a loud voice, saying, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb."

Suffer not the sense of our personal sorrow and bereavement, we beseech Thee, to cloud the realities which are unseen, eternal. Help us this day to walk by faith.

We thank Thee for this our brother's life as he lived it here, going in and out before us; for its motives and its inspirations, and its abiding results in other lives which by Thy grace he quickened and encour-

aged; for the power of his words, and the cheer of his spirit, and the force of his example, and the unselfish uses of his life; that he early gave himself to that ideal of manhood and of service which rises up before us on this All Saints' Day out of the accumulated Christian living of the past, and especially in the perfect example of our Elder Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ; that he made that ideal so winsome to his fellows; that his religion was so wholesome, and his saintliness so strong, and his goodness so manly.

We thank Thee for the generosity of his temper and the tenderness of his heart; for his love without dissimulation, in the home, in the church, and among all his brethren; for all of gold and silver and of precious stones he was enabled by Thy grace to build into the structure of the church of the living God.

And now as in these solemn days of the waning year and the falling leaf, when the glory of the world seems fading out before our eyes, we nevertheless know that it is laid up in Nature's secret and silent places, in the hidings of her power, to be brought forth in new resurrections for us if we tarry, or if not for us, for those who shall come after us, — even so,

help us to think of the life of our friend and our beloved this day.

Help us to think of him as standing in that same august communion and fellowship wherein we also stand. Help us to realize that the church of all Thy saints is a living and a present power; still mediating to us through memory and imagination and undying affection, the inspirations of God's power, and goodness, and manifold grace.

Bless and comfort Thine handmaid and her children with the consciousness of an affection not broken, but exalted and perfected; above all, with the sense of Thine own paternal tenderness.

And now, Eternal God, in whom do rest the spirits of just men made perfect, grant us all grace so to follow Thy blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living that we may come to those unspeakable and endless joys which Thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMN

STILL, STILL WITH THEE

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee !

BENEDICTION

REV. WILLIAM H. DAVIS, D. D.

And now may the peace which passeth all understanding keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ, and in the fellowship and comfort of the Holy Ghost now and forevermore.
Amen.

COMMITTAL SERVICE

AT MT. AUBURN

REV. JAMES L. BARTON, D. D.

Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God in His wise Providence to call to Himself the soul of our beloved brother, we therefore commit his body to its kindred ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; here to await the general resurrection in the last day and the appearing of his Lord Jesus Christ, who said: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die." For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. A voice from heaven said: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto

thee: The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.”

And now the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of the sheep, with the blood of the eternal covenant, even our Lord Jesus, make you perfect in every good thing to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

MEMORIAL SERVICES



MEMORIAL SERVICE

AT BERLIN, GERMANY

On the twenty-eighth day of September, 1902, a memorial service was held at the American church. After prayer and appropriate selections of Scripture by the Reverend Evart Van Slyck, D. D., of New York, interspersed with musical selections by the quartette, the following sermon was preached by the pastor, the Reverend Doctor Dickie:—

THE TEXT: HEBREWS XI. 27

“And they truly were many priests, because they were not suffered to continue by reason of death: but this man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood.”

The Epistle to the Hebrews treats of the glory of Jesus Christ. Christ is higher than the angels; higher than Moses, the great lawgiver; higher than the high priest — Aaron; higher than the priest — King Melchisedec. As the great high priest, he is made not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life. How wondrous the contrasts

between the priests, who are men of like passions as we are, and Christ, who is a priest forever.

To the minister of Christ, there is no text in all God's word more pathetic than that which we emphasize to-day. They truly were many priests, because they were not suffered to continue by reason of death. On the other hand, there is no text so full of comfort to the servant of the Master as the continuation of the passage: "this man continueth ever, and hath an unchangeable priesthood." We have a dying ministry, but a living Christ; we who preach are members of a succession. We have but a day, and the night cometh. We serve, but only for a season. We are not "without beginning of days, or end of life." We do our work, and then make way for our successor; just as we took up the work another had laid down. We toil and fulfill our mission; then we rest from our labors, and our works do follow us. But Christ is the same yesterday and to-day and forever: the object of faith to unnumbered generations; the Master, on whom we depend; the Intercessor, who never forgets us and whose intercession is all-prevailing. We serve, but Christ saves. We go to our graves,

and our names are soon forgotten, but Christ abideth forever and evermore.

How we reach up through earth's darkness and sorrow to Him, who continueth thus forever. His infinite pity can suffice even for the infinite pathos of human life. Ever living, He is ever loving. Having passed through all human experience, we can come to Him in our hour of sorrow. Weeping, we can remember that his cheeks also have been wet with tears. His sympathy is never-failing. His love knows no decay. His power to support and comfort us in sorrow's evil day is as measureless as eternity itself.

As we gather to-day in this house of prayer, we are mourners with these our friends that mourn. The trial that has befallen them in this strange land touches us all most deeply. The whole colony is profoundly moved, and heart answers to heart in the presence of such a calamity. We also are in the body. We also must die — perhaps we, too, must meet death far, far away from home. We also are made after the law of a carnal commandment. Before us runs a path of toil with our grave cut across. There-

fore lift we up our souls for strength and consolation unto Him who continueth forevermore.

We call to remembrance God's servant, whose life-work closed here, and who has gone to enjoy the power of an endless life. Born in Pennsylvania, George Robert White Scott was of Scottish ancestry. His father was related to Sir Walter Scott, and his mother to James Beattie, author of "The Minstrel." Having finished his early education, and feeling himself called of God to the ministry, he was drawn to Andover by the fame of Professor Park, who became his lifelong friend, and of Austin Phelps, that saintly soul. At a very early age he began to preach, and so he continued, his whole life long, by his life as well as by his lips, to preach Jesus Christ. He had the advantage of study at the University of Tübingen, and took his doctor's degree at the University of Berlin. His early ministry was spent in New Hampshire and Massachusetts in large and important city churches. He attracted great audiences, and won many to the service of God. Abundant in labors, he soon wore himself out and was compelled to seek rest abroad. He spent some years in Europe, but preached

often, when occasion offered, in Venice, Florence, and Rome. For two years, 1886 to 1888, he resided in Berlin, was a member of the committee of this church, and preached the installation sermon, when Dr. Stuckenberg became pastor. The text on this occasion was most striking and appropriate: "And the ark of the covenant of God was placed upon a new cart." Moreover he served this church as interim pastor, when Dr. Stuckenberg was absent in America. On his return to his native land, Dr. Scott resumed the pastorate, and served God in the high places of the field. Some years ago he felt called to undertake work along other lines. He was four times asked to assume the presidency of a college, but he declined, although he was eminently fitted for such a position by reason of his scholarship and great executive ability. He felt drawn rather to the missionary interests of the church. He was a corporate member of the American Board, but his special interest was in home missions. Moreover he was a many-sided man and filled many offices. He was chairman of one of the committees of the New England Historic Genealogical Society; a director of the Boston Theological

Library; a member of the Congregational Club of Boston; a member of the National Committee of the Congregational Home Mission Board. In all that related to the Pilgrim Fathers he had an especial interest. It was his ambition to be an authority on everything that related to the history of the Puritan movement, that had its origin in England, its development in Holland, and its completion in America. This manifested itself in many published essays and studies. It was natural that he should head the movement to give active help to the John Robinson Memorial Church at Gainsborough, England, whose foundation stone was laid by Bayard some years ago. He was appointed by the Congregational churches of America to carry greetings to this historic church. President Roosevelt appointed him as his representative on this occasion, and wrote: "Because I cannot come Dr. Scott shall be in my stead. Receive his greetings as my greetings." In the town of Gainsborough, at the ter-centenary of the Congregational movement, he delivered an address which made a profound impression. Next he journeyed to Leyden to visit the scenes where the Pilgrim Fathers were prepared for

their great mission. The desire to see this church to which he had ministered brought him to Berlin. Four weeks ago he worshiped with us. He greeted the pastor with a bright and benignant greeting, a greeting which was as a benediction. We parted at the close of the service, to meet again and learn to know each other better, when I would return from my brief holiday. In my absence he passed from us. One little glimpse we had of each other, one brief glance into each other's hearts, and that was all. Yet it was enough to give me a true impression of the man he was. Of commanding stature, of high intellectual power, of broad literary culture, of magnetic attractiveness, with the saving grace of God within his soul, beloved of his brethren in the ministry, a tower of strength to his people, beautiful and lovely in his home life with his own, he has served his generation by the will of God, and fallen asleep. In many a New England home his memory will be cherished. In many an assembly of the brethren his counsel will be missed. In Gainsborough he has won for himself such a name that a tablet will be set in that historic church to his memory. Better still,

his record is on high, and multitudes of those whom he showed the way to God will meet him there.

May God's love enfold her who has walked with him so long and so lovingly and bless her with his tenderest consolations, which are neither few nor small. May we all be quickened in our service by the call that saith to us, "The night cometh." Yet let us never forget that after the darkness cometh light, after the night the morning; that morning which is heaven, and there shall be no night there.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

AT GAINSBOROUGH, ENGLAND

After the decease of Reverend Dr. Scott, the church at Gainsborough earnestly desired to give some expression of its high appreciation of his recent visit and work on its behalf and that of the cause. On the 28th of September, the pastor, Reverend Hugh Griffiths, preached a memorial sermon in his honor, in the course of which he said: —

“His visit to Gainsborough had the effect of recalling you to yourself, to show how much you were capable of doing in the cause of God when inspired by the spirit of God. He came not only as a golden-handed bearer of fraternal treasure, but to manifest his brethren’s beauty of character, his country’s devotion to the mother country; to emphasize the loyalty of the children of the Pilgrims to the ideals, the duties, and the sacred obligations of the Pilgrims. He came bearing a message from the Christian churches of his free country, saying, ‘We are not divided.’ He came to illustrate to us that seas cannot separate

hearts, that the church is a noble mansion of many rooms, radiant with beauty, instinct with love, throbbing with energy, alive with service, crowded with workers who, seeking diligently to carry out the teachings of the divine Master, disdain to meddle with their neighbors engaged in doing the same duty. The religion of this church should therefore be enriched by the visit and death of this man; his death may possibly, in the good providence of God, accomplish much more than his gift of money could do, and the church be led by an unseen hand to a larger charity, nobler ideals, and a purer life, remembering that with a great price others obtained the freedom in which to-day you stand."

For the thought uppermost in our minds this morning in relation to Dr. Scott is that with regard to this church he did not live for himself. Is there a man among you who professes to have lost anything by active coöperation in this work? I do not say that Dr. Scott lost anything, but he gave up much in order to serve it. But that is the test of self-sacrifice. There is a judgment of selfishness and wrong-doing among Christian men and men who rule our churches which

I pray may never fall upon you. But as Jowett has remarked, "A man who lives entirely for himself becomes at last obnoxious to himself." But Dr. Scott did not live for himself, and there are not lacking indications that in the matter of collecting American gifts he had done too much. But the memory of his brief friendships and inspiring association will be treasured by many beyond the immediate pale of this congregation. They may say concerning him as the Latin poet said, "What united you to this one were morals white as snow, simplicity, well-known trustworthiness, the candor of an honest face." I am persuaded that Dr. Scott would have retained the friendship of many here for long years, had he been spared to the church of God; still, he is not, for God has taken him beyond such possibilities. He lived the strenuous life of a consecrated apostle of Jesus Christ. No man was more thoroughly imbued with the idea that

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

He was sent to live, strong in Christ's strength, "in the open field of the world's sins and sorrows, its

plausibilities and lies, its persecutions, animosities, and fears, its eager delights and bitter wants." But he acted his part as only he can who is strong in the Lord and the power of his might. The words of Shennstone, "I have lost my way to happiness," could not have been spoken by Dr. Scott; in his spirit and endeavors he was the incarnation and embodiment of happiness. Truly we can say that blessed is this man whose mission in life was to unite hearts and realize the ideal of a united Christian people, who, though sundered by leagues of ocean, "meet around one common mercy seat." His loss is felt not only by us, but by that wider Pilgrim community in the States where he was so well known and so highly esteemed "for his works' sake," by the churches over which he had presided, and especially by his affectionate helpmeet, alone in a strange land with her sacred dead. And so the Christian community forms but one body, and a mutual sympathy pervades the whole, so that "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with him." Chastened by this loss, a loss to the whole church of God, we bless the Great Head of the church that Dr. Scott left behind him the best of all legacies, the stimulus and example of a grand character. He

was the enricher of his race because he "desired," as the saintly Payson said, "to hand a full cup of happiness to every human being; to leave behind him his escutcheon unstained by any blot of unworthy deed, and that his best thoughts and noblest deeds should contribute, unimpeded by death, to the happiness of those coming after him." This is the legacy he has bequeathed to us, much more precious than gold which perisheth: inspired words; the refining influence of a noble example; the abiding memory of a consecrated personality, a rich scholarship. These things will live with us though the form of our brother is concealed by the cloud that cometh between. . . . True are the words of the poet when applied to him: —

"Star-rise and moonlight peace,
The last clear call has come;
And silver fingers on the pale brow's fleece
Beckon the master home.

"No moaning of the bar, but down the tide,
Her worn sails filling free,
The stately spirit bark, in fearless pride,
Stands out to sea.

“Star-set and silver sleep,
The night wind freshlier blows,
As through the pathless silence of the deep
The great ship goes.

“No sadness of farewell, but from the skies,
Like music faint and far,
One gathering shout of triumph swells and dies,
Beyond the morning star.”

THE MEMORIAL TABLET

AT GAINSBOROUGH, ENGLAND

The people of the Robinson Memorial Church, impelled by a strong love for Dr. Scott, and with unbounded enthusiasm for his great mission and gratitude for the work which he had accomplished in their behalf, desired to erect in the church a marble tablet to his memory.

On April 19, 1903, this tablet was unveiled at the Sunday morning service in the presence of a large congregation by the Reverend A. Duff, M.A., D.D., LL. D., of Bradford, England.

Dr. Duff had been invited to perform this ceremony in consideration of his personal knowledge of, and long friendship with, Dr. Scott.

ADDRESS BY DR. DUFF

HONORED FRIENDS OF THE JOHN ROBINSON CHURCH: Surely Dr. Scott could not have chosen, himself, a choicer spot than this for an abiding record of his name, his life's dearest purpose, and his "famous" deed.

Here you link together the names GEORGE SCOTT and JOHN ROBINSON.

Hither will come many a pilgrim from New England to tread this sacred spot, hallowed by the first footprints of their Pilgrim Father's first church fellowship; and hither will enter each Lord's Day you and your children, and children's children on through centuries, all coming to worship, in thankfulness to God that ever you were born, and that your birth was linked with this sanctuary. As you and all these worship here, with the name JOHN ROBINSON over you at the portal, and all around the records of his faith whispering to you, your eyes will rest on the name

of GEORGE SCOTT here beside this pulpit, where he stood full of love for this house, and for you, and for the memory of the noble pastor of the Pilgrims. So dearly did he love that he gathered the one thousand pounds almost alone by personal toil, wherewith to lay the top-stone of this temple. We heard his eloquent voice of faith. Our eyes filled as on this spot he pictured John Robinson before us. Our eyes fill now as we picture George Scott in that last great act of his generous, devoted life.

Even then the fatal evil lurked within his manly frame, and scarce three months later God said, "Well done, enter thou beside the great Pilgrim pastor into this my unseen bosom and rest!"

This tablet of white marble tells of the white purity of his life, and love, and gift; the black marble background tells our sorrow that on earth we shall see his face no more. But the dark sorrow is almost covered by the white light of life, love, and help, and thereby our eyes are lifted toward the Temple beyond earth, where he still serves the Heart of God.

You of this church have done a beautiful deed in this memorial. You have had singular guidance and

help in doing beautiful deeds here. This final white and lasting flower of your hearts is very sweet to you and to me; it will be sweetly fragrant to the dear widowed soul who by his death was left so mysteriously alone in the strange land. I will tell Mrs. Scott of this deed and this day.

I thank you from my deepest heart that you have counted my hand and words entitled to do this representative act and unveil the tablet. It means much to me, for it tells of Dr. Scott's living service to my life long ago, and it links my love and eagerness with your love and eagerness to serve in the spirit of Dr. George Scott, and in the spirit and name of the Pilgrims of 1620, the church of the Mayflower, their pastor John Robinson, and their Lord Jesus Christ.

The following is a copy of the inscription on the tablet:—

ERECTED

BY THE MEMBERS OF THIS CHURCH IN GRATEFUL
REMEMBRANCE OF THE

REV. GEO. R. W. SCOTT, D.D., PH.D.
OF NEWTON, MASS., U. S. A.

WHO DIED IN BERLIN, ON SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1902

HE OFFICIALLY REPRESENTED THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AT THE TER-CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THIS CHURCH, ON JUNE 11TH, 1902, AND BROUGHT FROM THE AMERICAN PEOPLE A GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION COLLECTED BY HIMSELF, TO THE BUILDING FUND.

“LORD I HAVE LOVED THE HABITATION OF THY HOUSE, AND THE PLACE WHERE THINE HONOUR DWELLETH.” — PSALM XXVI. 8.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

AT LEOMINSTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Gratitude to God for such a pure, noble-hearted, sincere Christian man as the late Dr. G. R. W. Scott was the sentiment expressed at a memorial service in recognition of his life and work, held Sunday evening, November 9, 1902, at the Orthodox church, over which he was pastor from July 1, 1893, to November 30, 1899.

The exercises were of a most devoted character. A photograph of the deceased, entwined with smilax, rested upon a table in front of the pulpit, which was enshrouded in black, fringed with smilax, as was also the pastoral chair, which bore a cluster of white chrysanthemums tied with purple and white ribbon. Another cluster of the same beautiful flowers was fastened to the edge of the large Bible from which Dr. Scott so many times read the Scriptures.

Miss Florence A. Hadley presided at the organ and played a voluntary when the service opened at 6.30, and the past and present officers of the church, led by

Rev. Lawrence Phelps, came in from the chapel in a body and occupied seats immediately in front of the pulpit. The delegation included Edward M. Rockwell, D. H. Wheelock, J. C. Nichols, C. E. Blackwell, C. G. Putney, J. D. Miller, L. A. Richardson, C. E. Woodward, Francis A. Whitney, H. L. Conant, M. E. McDonnell, Willard Page, F. T. Platt, N. C. Bou-telle, A. O. Wilder, Merrick Howe, R. L. Chandler, I. B. Look, W. H. Howe, F. E. Richardson, some of whom served during the pastorate of Dr. Scott.

Upon the programme was the text in full of the last sermon preached by Dr. Scott. It read: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." — Isaiah xl. 31.

The opening prayer was by Rev. Lawrence Phelps. The hymns to be sung were those selected by Mrs. Scott as some of the favorites of her lamented husband. The choir assisted by the audience sang "My faith looks up to Thee." Mr. Phelps read choice passages of Scripture.

The following invocation was offered by Deacon

C. G. Putney: "We thank Thee, O God, for this noble man who had served us as pastor. Give us thy special blessing as we assemble to-night to consider the glory and beauty of his Christian manhood. We remember his loyalty, zeal, and patriotism, and the gospel he preached unto us. May we also remember the teachings and the great truths he preached, and may we practice them. May the sons who remain remember their father's honesty and noble life. And, our Father, remember the widow. We remember her good words and work. In her sad days may she remember that the Redeemer lives. Bless this church and congregation. May we all be greatly influenced by this service."

After the prayer the audience sang "Why do we mourn departing friends?" J. D. Miller paid a glowing tribute to Dr. Scott. W. H. Kenney then sang in an impressive manner, "Lead, kindly Light." Edward M. Rockwell offered eulogistic remarks. Rev. Mr. Phelps read extracts from a letter from Mrs. Scott pertaining to the memorial and the source of gratification it was to her and the family. "Kind words can never, never die" was sung by the audi-

ence. The final address was by the pastor, Rev. Lawrence Phelps.

Hon. J. D. MILLER said: The elements of a permanent influence are always easily determined. The single phrase, "He loved God and little children," was sufficient to make the character of a German philosopher perfectly clear. In the sanctuary, if you know any man's thought of his home, his country, and his God, you know the man himself in his weakness or in his strength. It is in these things only that there is provision for growth in the faith, hope, and love which are eternal. We all agree that when we come to the end of any worthy life, we may rightly speak only of those elements of character which are permanent. "Who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?" The question is only of those who are to abide. We are looking not that we may catch a glimpse of the mortal which has been put off, but for the immortal which is being put on, for the victory which has conquered death.

Can we rightly speak of Dr. Scott's home life and love? That depends upon what and how much is said. This we know, — the strength and beauty of a

true, pure, Christian manhood was in daily evidence in his home. If we were to waste all the hours of this night in the attempt, we could say nothing more or better. We leave it thus limned broadly upon our thought, while all the detail is embalmed in the love of wife and children.

No one loved his country better than Dr. Scott; yet there is wealth of affection for the dear native land, and she has many, many lovers. This love of country was so strong and royal in Dr. Scott that it prevailed to make him a citizen of the world. Intense in his devotion to the home land, full of admiration for her institutions, burning with zeal for her honor, eloquent in the proclamation of her glory, watchful for the advance of her interests, strong for the defense of her character, Dr. Scott was yet able to see clearly that her truest growth and strength required the welfare of every other kindred and nation. To him patriotism was not a question of ocean-shore, of mountain range, or river-bank. His faith, his hope, and his love embraced the world and looked forward to a coming kingdom of peace because a kingdom of righteousness. History was his joy and inspiration, and as he

recalled the great words and greater deeds of the past, his eye would brighten and his cheek flush with joy, for his broad and accurate knowledge enabled him to see not the facts only, but the greater truth, that

“Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the
suns.”

How carefully and intelligently Dr. Scott read the records of the past; with what eager delight he sought and used the choice illustrations of moral and spiritual truth which cover the pages of history thick as the stars crowd the sky, you yourselves are witnesses. You all remember the days set in honor of those who have done brave deeds for this land and the world, — the men and the women who have sung our sweetest songs and told our wondrous stories, who developed our institutions, won our liberty, and preserved our freedom, and you can yet feel the power of his impassioned eloquence as he told of their heroic deeds and noble ministries, set in clear outline the principles of a free government, or urged the duty of devotion to fatherland. Yes, Dr. Scott was a dear lover of his country and of all mankind.

His faith, hope, and love in this regard abide in the work which he did and the inspiration he gave for civic righteousness.

But this work, dearly as Dr. Scott loved it, was only occasional; his great labor, as well as his highest love, was for the kingdom of God. To this work he gave his best strength, and it was as a preacher of the truth that he made his most lasting impression upon the community. The faithful, able, and successful service of Dr. Scott as a minister of God is the emphasis of the tribute which we pay to his memory. This service had three elements of unusual power. It was the service of a man, physically, mentally, and morally strong. Who met Dr. Scott on the street, or saw him upon the platform, and did not admire his splendid personality? Who heard him speak and did not feel the vigor of his thought, the incision of his utterance, the aptness of his illustrations, the strength of his argument, and the power of his appeal? Who knew him personally and is not ready to testify to the kindness of his heart and the purity of his life? Dr. Scott was a preacher of power, because he was every whit a man.

His was the service, also, of a man who at all times refused to give anything less than his best. For this reason it was a growing service. Dr. Scott was a student from choice. He rejoiced in his work and did it thoroughly. His mind was active, accurate, disciplined, and he kept it in constant training by constantly giving it new and vigorous work. This was no small part of his power. It was the secret, too, of some of the most delightful things in his ministry. For so careful and thorough were his habits of study, so well trained and richly stored was his mind, that when called to speak with but brief notice, one listened with surprised delight at the orderly beauty and the force of his thought. Not less was his the service of one who had full confidence in the efficiency of his message, who told the message with joy and unbounded courage. Dr. Scott's faith and hope in the kingdom of God and his love for its Founder were the very life and spirit of his ministry. His activity could be confined within no fixed bounds. "Who-soever will compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain," expressed his idea of the royal nature of the service upon which he had entered. His was the love

which is enriched by giving. Dr. Scott thus did his work, and lived his life in love to his family, to his fellows, to his country, and to God, joyfully, generously, and in increasing strength and beauty.

Having these elements of power, Dr. Scott was able to an unusual degree to impress himself upon the communities where he lived, upon the churches to which he ministered, and upon the denomination of which he was an honored leader in this and other lands. He did his full part in that service which is to bring in the time when all men shall say, "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints." Because Dr. Scott was the man he was, and rendered the service which he did to the church of God, we pay this tribute to his memory, as our part in his new ordination to the higher ministry of the eternal city: "the city which lieth foursquare, whose maker and builder is God."

MR. EDWARD M. ROCKWELL said: My acquaintance with Dr. G. R. W. Scott began almost thirty years ago, when I was quite a young man in Fitchburg, and Dr. Scott came there as pastor of the Rollstone Church. I was at the time a member of the C.C.

Church, but circumstances brought us together occasionally, and we became friends, so that he came to my house sometimes and broke bread and exchanged after-dinner stories, and I learned to appreciate and love him for his worth as a man, and to respect him for his earnest purposes as a Christian teacher.

At intervals I heard him preach. He was a scholar then of no mean attainments, and his earnest desire to bring men to a knowledge of the truth and to true faith and happiness was as great as it was later when most of you knew him in Leominster, but he had not then grown to the full measure of power and wisdom that he exhibited here in his pulpit work. I do not remember to have known intimately any other man who increased more constantly in knowledge and usefulness and in the ability to impress his thoughts upon others than Dr. Scott did during all the years I knew him.

The friends who spoke of him at the funeral in Newton emphasized the same characteristic growth, I am told, referring particularly to the last years of his life; while we ourselves remember, when he visited us a year ago, that many remarked that his ser-

mons showed plainly that he had been as industrious and studious as ever while absent from us.

In his early manhood he was like a large and spreading tree in the springtime, with opening buds and every evidence of life and power; but in his middle life, in which he was cut down, then was the full leaf and fruit. He was an enthusiastic worker in his study and out of it. He was a good citizen, with no patience for those who were too good or too lazy to go to caucuses.

He looked out for the neglected, the poor, and the aged. He showed great respect for the opinions and wishes of those whose heads were gray, — sometimes under circumstances to try the patience of the best of men. He was continually doing quiet deeds of kindness and charity — charities from his own purse — not known to others except by accident. He was the most genial man possible to have come into your house for a meal or for an evening, — full of life and story. He was sincere almost to a fault; that is, his sincerity was sometimes liable to misconstruction and to be called egotism.

For instance, he might ask a friend, as he came

down from the pulpit, "Did I present that idea right?" or, "Was not that the right view of the truth?" He was sincere — he wanted to know that he had helped those he had spoken to. But for that pride that leads many men — even ministers — to run to the newspaper office every time there is a chance to advertise an honor received or an address made, he had none of it. He might be elected to a very high and honorable position in the state, or national, or other associations he belonged to, he might be offered other positions honorable and desirable, he might be — as he was — offered the presidency of colleges, and even his intimate friends would only find it out by accident.

To be sure, he told of some of these offers when he addressed us as he was leaving. I think it would take a lamp brighter than Diogenes had to find the more modest man among us that would have waited so long to tell of some of these things, to his intimates at least. He was an eloquent preacher, and upon some occasions equal to the very best orators the country has seen. I call to mind his address to the Grand Army and the old people, as examples. Of the scenes

and life of the war no one could speak more sympathetically, for he spoke from memory and out of his experience.

He will be remembered for his wisdom and scholarship, his enthusiasm and industry, his eloquence and intensity of purpose; for his geniality and good cheer; for his kindness and thoughtful deeds; for helpfulness in prayer meeting and in the parish; but the one thing that will be treasured best and longest is the memory of his purity of life, — a life above reproach or shadow of a stain.

We mourn a true Christian friend, but we rejoice that his record cannot be dimmed.

Rev. LAWRENCE PHELPS said: Unselfishness. Scene, Elijah and Elisha: a man plowing with twelve yoke of oxen. Elijah cast the mantle, a symbolic act of appointment to another field of labor. Elisha left the field and furrow, crying, "Please first permit me to kiss father good-by." In the evening friends gathered at a farewell reception. The next morning this man began his new work of ministering to the elder friend. The two men journey together, but the younger is urged to go back to the seat of

learning and refuses, saying, "As Jehovah liveth, and thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee."

Now we see these two friends by the river's bank. A tunic is rolled into the form of a rod. The waters separate, and the "spiritual brothers" pass over on dry land. The conversation is sacred and pathetic and touching. "My friend, what can I do for thee?" "Grant a double portion of thy spirit." Difficult, very, to grant, but "If thou see me when I am taken, it shall be granted unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so."

The two walk together, talk together, pray together, until a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, parts them asunder, and the one goes up to heaven, and the other stands looking toward eternity and cries, "My Father, my Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

All is now like the natural glory of a beautiful summer's day. The mantle and memory only are left. The flowing robe is reverently taken from the ground where it fell from the shoulders of the friend as he entered the "fiery chariot." The mantle is made into a rod like unto the rod of Moses. The mantle touches

the waters by the river's side and again the stream divides, and the one who is left passes over on the other side. The one carrying the cloak cries out, "Where is Jehovah, the God of my friend?"

This Biblical scene suggests the first thought that came to my mind when the news of Dr. Scott's death reached me. Elijah was superior in every way to Elisha. The one so great, so scholarly, so true, so pure, unselfishly placed his mantle so another could take it, and go on with the work left undone. Elisha was inferior in every way to his master, but took the mantle, and with many mistakes did the best he could, and the waters divided hither and thither, as Elijah's robe again touched them.

Dr. Scott, with a degree of unselfishness quite unknown in my previous experience, placed this people in the charge of an humble successor, whose only ability is the desire to be faithful in the least. Never shall I forget the conference that resulted in my deciding to come to you. Certain facts cannot be given in public, for in secret confidence were they spoken to me. I received from Dr. Scott at that time a new inspiration, a new definition of the meaning of the

ministry, a new conception of the holy calling, a new ambition to give my life, if need be, to the people he served, a new determination to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ.

A pastor, on leaving a field, rarely, if ever, gives to his successor such a rich heritage. The act was the mark of a cultivated gentleman, the sign of a devoted Christian. Humbly, gratefully, as a tribute of love, do I place this garland of deepest gratitude and recognition of the nobility and true friendship of my beloved predecessor and life-long friend, as I publicly, before this people, acknowledge this evidence of Dr. Scott's unselfishness. A true, royal, loyal friend.

Love of appreciation is born in us. Every honest worker craves a thank you for labor completed. This is the natural way that the sense of justice manifests itself in our soul experiences. We are too often both misunderstood and misquoted in this regard. Jesus Christ, in his humanity, showed evidences of this natural desire, not of approbation, but appreciation. In a moment intense because so natural, sublime because so consistent, and divine because so majestic, our Saviour asked what his friends thought of him.

Have I done well? Was it a help to heal that lame boy? to take that little child in my arms, to talk to the educated people so simply about sin and redemption? Who do men say that I am? Dr. Scott's sense of the sacredness of the ministry was both unusually clear and deep. The humility of my friend was as great as his love for his chosen profession. The work of a pastor, to him, meant the delicate handling, moulding, and helping of the most delicate thing on earth or in heaven, — an eternal soul. To mar it, to break it, to hurt it in any way, seemed akin to the unpardonable sin. To make a mistake was almost irreparable. No wonder, therefore, that to such a man would come modesty, the wish to do all things well, the fear of error.

The consecration of this man was of that character that only by knowing how others valued his work would he continue the labor. I shall never forget with what pleasure, every time we met, he listened to the messages from his people here, that, thank God, I always could bring him and always did do so, assuring him of the deep foundations of Christian character that he laid in your hearts, of your loving words

about him, and the tender regard for him; assuring him of the "crown" that awaited him for his labors among you. Never could I as honestly say this of any man as I could of Dr. Scott, for rarely is it given to any pastor to leave among his people such a lasting and loving impression.

In these conversations, which, alas, were too rare (if we had known, we should have met more frequently), how the doctor's face would brighten, and then, his eyes filled with tears, he would grasp my hand in our old college fraternity hand-clasp, and with trembling lips and voice full of emotion say, "Thank you; God bless you!" and add some pleasant words about his successor's feeble efforts, that, while I prized them, were always checked as soon as with courtesy the conversation could be changed. Love of appreciation, — delicate minds always desire it. To possess such an attribute of character is to be among the "chosen ones" who alone are able to bear heroically the martyrdom of working on, unthanked, without appreciation, and thus through this suffering be perfected for a nobler, true work.

I place as a second tribute of loving memory this

recognition of the delicacy and power of the love of appreciation that was so honestly and modestly found in my beloved friend. To me this feature of his character accounts in a large degree for the breadth of his scholarship, the grasp of his vision, and the power of his magnetic personality.

A final memorial word has been better expressed than I can do it by Dr. Bradford, who speaks in his valuable letter of Dr. Scott's genuineness. To be genuine is to be consistent. The word means more than truthfulness, for in our finiteness we never know all the truth. Genuineness is loyalty and royalty. Genuineness is the fineness of purity and the refinement of love. Dr. Scott was genuine socially, his heartiness brought him a host of friends, and made him sought for far and wide at all social functions.

Genuineness spiritually, that same genuineness, is seen in his growth as a preacher and pastor. Dr. Scott told me that he left all his old sermons in the boxes where they were stored, unopened, untouched, and came here, started anew, just as he did in his first parish at Newport, New Hampshire.

Dr. Scott grew while he was here into the broader,

brighter fields of Christian thought. To work as he worked, among a people loved as he loved you, under the inspiration of your coöperation, would lead any man, situated as he was, to desire and need a change and rest. The genuineness of this growth was so marked as to bring him the honors he received and deserved. May I place a tribute of loving memory and repeat my gratitude to God for so unselfish a friend, for so appreciative a predecessor, for so genuine a brother. I cannot trust myself to speak of the beautiful personal friendship enjoyed for so many years.

Dr. Scott was a welcome guest at my father's house when I was a mere lad. In my college days we met in the old lodge room of the secret fraternity to which we belonged. On my way to take my first parish in Massachusetts, Dr. Scott was on the train, and what a welcome he gave me! a welcome that was repeated in the effectual prayer of installation that he offered so earnestly a few weeks later; a welcome that was felt again when, upon his return from Germany, we labored together in a little training-school for Christian workers; a welcome that was reciprocated when

just once I had the privilege of so speaking to my friend that, according to his own words, he remained in Leominster nearly two years longer than he intended to remain; a welcome that sent a letter to Boston, which wandered around from postman to postman, until it found me crowded with work, but urged me so lovingly to exchange with him that I could not say nay.

You know the sequel. A welcome now awaits us all in eternity. The bereaved family are supported by the unseen presence of a divine power, for you know that the father and husband has only gone into another room to complete work that could not be done here, because there were no facilities in this country or Germany to carry out successfully the high and holy undertaking that our good friend was elected to do.

God grant that your pastor may be able to do more for you. Be assured he feels how great the honor, how grand the privilege, and how small, by comparison, the results of following in the steps of so good a man. To try to be faithful and do in a measure the work my predecessor marked out for me to do, is my prayer, my hope, and purpose. When called

to another field,—it may be to go home, and meet the loved ones there; it may be to work in other lines; it may soon be to give the burdens and pleasures to another, — whenever the time comes, wherever it places me, God grant I may be able to finish the work in the spirit and love of my beloved friend. Then some time, in the beautiful Yonder, may I clasp his hand again, in fraternal fellowship, and together we will walk beside the “still waters” of eternal peace, and there I will place in his hands, as his by right, these happy years of toil, and he will bear them to the Father in the same beautiful spirit of unselfishness, loving appreciation, and heartfelt genuineness.

Carry, my people, his people, these lessons, not in gloom nor in tears, not in regrets nor in pain, but in deep-felt conviction and consecration that will make us the true armor-bearers of Christ, and then we will see him again. Yes, and see face to face the Christ he loved, the Christ he urged you to receive. Oh, to awake there satisfied!

The closing hymn was “Nearer, my God, to Thee,” Mr. Phelps pronouncing the benediction.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

AT FITCHBURG, MASS.

With deep appreciation of the noble work of Reverend Doctor Scott, during his long pastorate at Fitchburg, the people of Rollstone Church met on Sunday evening, November 16, 1902, to do honor to his memory. Following the organ prelude and anthem, Scripture selections were read,—Revelation xxi. 1-7, 22-27; xxii. 1-14. Prayer was offered by the pastor, Reverend W. O. Conrad; the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee" was sung, and the following addresses were given.

REVEREND W. O. CONRAD

Dear friends, we gather here this evening in memory of one who merited and received the deepest love and undying affection of this church and this city. I hear on every hand expressions of highest regard and profound admiration for the strong, sincere, earnest Christian character of Dr. Scott. This not only from members of this church, but also from citizens of this

city who did not attend this church. He lived here for ten years the life of the Christian minister. He poured his life into the welfare of the church and community. He learned to love this place, as was manifest in all that he said. He especially loved this church. He never forsook it, never ceased to love it any more than you have ceased to love him. When a man has given ten of the best years of his life to a church and people, he can never forget them or cease to love them, when he is appreciated as Dr. Scott was appreciated and loved here. Other pastors have come, we make our own places, but Dr. Scott's place is not taken in your hearts and affections, and ought not to be. We must each fill our own place, and we rejoice in your affection and love for others. We all rejoice, especially now, in the thought that he was with us at our last annual Roll-Call. We remember his helpful, strong, earnest words, and are glad to remember his hearty, cheerful, hopeful greeting.

As one of his successors I want to bear witness to his exceeding helpfulness to me. I came a stranger into this region, with something to fear. He was among the first to welcome me, to extend the cour-

tesy of an exchange. I have profited by his timely and wise counsel. The ministers of our Association rejoiced in his presence at our gatherings. He was sympathetic, large-hearted. He could criticise us without wounding or arousing enmity, because we knew that he loved us and desired to help us. We recognized him as a man of convictions, strong in faith, wisely progressive, and thoroughly evangelical.

He was a man of large ability and large opportunity. Each year has found him with increasing power and usefulness. As a pastor, and brother, and citizen, he is still loved by all who knew him.

He was blessed above many in that he had no concern about a day of temporal want. He had traveled to the advantage of his people in that he returned and took them with him in thought to the places of interest to him. At a time in life when some are worn out and feel that they must rest, he was still hale and hearty, and vigorous in any cause which he espoused. He seemed to some of us to have entered upon the largest work in stimulating and strengthening others in the work of the Gospel ministry, and also the

churches. He was abundantly fitted for this work, and we did feel the need of him. But so he was abundantly fitted to enter through the pearly gates into eternity through Jesus Christ. It is well, we say, simply because we trust God our Father, not because we understand why. We are glad to have known him, and let us all remember his earnest counsel to seek Christ and His love, that after our work is done we may meet again where there are no partings and no tears.

I have felt that you had the right to hear and speak through those who with you labored in this church with Dr. Scott when he was your beloved pastor. I therefore will ask the following to speak briefly: Deacon C. H. Doten, Deacon J. C. Moulton, Mr. W. R. Rankin, and Deacon Fosdick.

DEACON C. H. DOTEN

We meet to-night, dear friends, members of the Rollstone Church and congregation, in memory of a former beloved pastor, the late Dr. Scott. It is with hearts filled with sorrow and sadness that we gather here in this church that was so dear to him, and in

which he gave the best years of a fruitful life in the service of his Master.

To me as well as to the most of you, his untimely death has come as a personal loss, and I find it hard to say, "Thy will be done, Thou doest all things well."

More than twenty years ago, when I first came to this city with my family to live, we came to this church to hear Dr. Scott preach; and at the close of the service he came immediately down from the pulpit and gave us such a cordial greeting and handshake that we decided that this should be our church home, and we have never seen the day that we regretted the decision. His sermons were always helpful. He seemed to feel that he was commissioned by the Master to proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel as he experienced it in his own life, and he desired to give to each what he himself enjoyed. One very striking picture comes to me at this time, and it made a great impression on me as I witnessed it from Sunday to Sunday. It is the saintly face of that aged pilgrim, Deacon David Bowtelle, as he sat in his accustomed chair directly under the pulpit, with up-

turned face, drinking in every word as it fell from the lips of his beloved pastor.

Happy privilege, giving the bread of life to the spiritually hungry and the water of life to the thirsty in the name and for the sake of his Lord and Master! Dr. Scott was an untiring laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

Next to preaching the word, I think his love and devotion to the Sunday-school was most apparent. He worked incessantly to make it effective, and it was his greatest joy and satisfaction when he saw the young deciding to begin the Christian life. I remember well that eventful Sunday when the lesson for the day was suspended, and Dr. Scott rose in front of the school and with most tender and affectionate words invited all who would then and there decide for Christ to manifest it by rising. I had at that time a class of fourteen boys from twelve to fourteen years of age. Nine of that number rose, and the most of them are Christian men to-day. One of them, Clayton Putnam, reached the "Land of the blest" before his dear pastor. Many other teachers can tell a similar story, for they rose by the score all over the church,

I think fully one hundred in all. One of my daughters with her entire class was among the number. Dr. Scott was one who craved sympathy in his work,—was anxious to know if what he was doing was effective.

Scarcely a Monday passed that he did not call into my store and talk over some part of the work of the previous Sunday. Nothing short of the best that could be done was satisfactory to him. How well he met those conditions, hundreds in this church and society can testify. There are many things that crowd themselves into my memory in connection with his work while pastor of this church, but there are several others who are to take part here to-night who I am sure can speak more effectively and come nearer doing justice to his memory than I can hope to do, and I will close with these words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

DEACON J. C. MOULTON

We are here to-night to speak to each other of the loss we have met in the death of our friend and for-

mer pastor, Dr. Scott. Considering the position that he occupied at home and abroad, his death is a public loss, but I feel that I have lost a personal friend. Sometimes it seems as though we could not fully weigh or measure our blessings until deprived of them. The suddenness of the news of his death makes our feelings of loss and sorrow more intense. His manly form and happy disposition seemed to put the messenger of death far behind him. He was very generous in looking up those in want; he did not leave them until their wants were supplied. He did it so often while pastor of the Rollstone Church that one of the committee said to him that he ought to leave that for the church to do.

As a pastor he was a great help to me. "Though dead, he yet speaketh," and I seem to hear his voice sounding in my ears. No doubt many here to-night remember his kind words and the sermons he has preached, and thus he is still speaking to us; and if we follow the teachings of the God whom he served, we shall soon meet where time has no measure and "parting shall be no more."

MR. WILLIAM R. RANKIN

I can remember very distinctly the first service I attended in this church twenty-two years ago. I also remember Dr. Scott's prayer for the strangers present at the morning service, so characteristic of his thoughtfulness, "that they may be made to feel at home in our midst, and we, by cheering word and warm hand-grasp, may brighten their days of loneliness."

It appealed to me, for I was indeed a stranger in a strange land. I did not know a soul in the city.

After the morning service, he came directly to the pew where I sat and welcomed me to the church with his hand extended, and his firm grasp that would win the heart of every one that was brought into contact with him. He found out in a moment that I was in the habit of attending church and was a member of a Bible class in my home church. He took me at once to Deacon Fosdick, who had charge of the Bible class in those days, and on the way down the aisle he lost no opportunity to introduce me to members of the congregation he chanced to meet on the right hand and on the left.

I mention these things at the outset, dear friends, just to give those who were not acquainted with him some idea of the reason why he was held in such high esteem by the young people of this church.

I think I have heard him say from this pulpit that he knew from experience what it was to be away from home among strangers, and he possessed the happy faculty of making all those with whom he came in contact feel at home at once.

I found out very soon that Dr. Scott was feeling very keenly the entire absence of nearly all the young people from the social services of the church.

He gave a series of Bible readings, and in distributing the selections of Scripture he wished read, he carefully enlisted the sympathies of the young people he was specially anxious to reach and to hold.

It was about this time that he organized the Christian Endeavor Society, and as we look back to-night and think of the wisdom, care, and thoughtfulness manifest in all his plans, and his patience with us and with all our objections, we believe we were greatly helped and strengthened by being brought into contact with him. He laid his plans for the society so

carefully and so well that although he was compelled to lay down his work for a year or two, on his return he found the society doing a splendid work, greatly to his joy and satisfaction.

For these and a great many other reasons that I could mention had I the time at my disposal, Dr. Scott succeeded in winning the love and confidence of his young people, and many here to-night could testify, were they called upon to do so, that during his ministry here they were brought to Christ, for which they will ever hold him in grateful remembrance.

DEACON FREDERICK FOSDICK

It is hard to realize that Dr. Scott is dead. It is a comparatively short time since he stood in this pulpit; it is less time since I saw him just before he left for Europe, and at both times he looked the picture of health.

My memory turns back to 1876, when first he came to this church as its pastor, and I can see him as he was then, and during his ten years with us, a *man* in the best the word implies. He was a man of superabundant strength, — superabundant in a physical

strength which was a joy to witness, exuberant in exercise and athletic feats; superabundant in superb mental strength, rejoicing in the severest work in sermons, addresses, correspondence, and debate; superabundant in strength of industry, planning his time wisely and working always with unflagging zeal upon whatever his hand or his mind was set to; superabundant in strength of human sympathy, carrying and trying to relieve the burdens and sorrows of those who suffered, entering into the happiness and pleasure of those who rejoiced.

What he thus so freely gave to others he craved for himself, and his longing for sympathy and appreciation cause the thought to some that he was a conceited man. Even if that were true, it could readily be forgiven in him, for who so well equipped as he to enforce with profound and immediately available knowledge anything which might savor of council. "Pygmies are pygmies perched on Alps, pyramids are pyramids in vales. Each man makes his own station, builds himself," and Dr. Scott was a "pyramid" wherever placed.

But I am sure that what gave the Doctor an ap-

pearance of conceit was in reality a proof of his modesty. The very wealth of his knowledge revealed to him the vaster wealth beyond, and in this sense his comparative ignorance. He was himself dissatisfied with his work, and longed for the kindly judgment, the appreciative words, and the commendation which his work richly deserved, to give him heart for still better service. His great heart of sympathy for others craved sympathy from others, and this those closest to him realized.

With his strength he was a *sincere* man, making even those whose lives were condemned by his straightforward preaching his friends and firm defenders. They knew that while he hated sin in any form, he longed for the welfare of every man, and was willing to do for them.

His deep spiritual nature was brought out and made paramount, I think, in his Christian work thereafter by the great revival in the church under his ministry the winter and spring before he was obliged, because of broken health, to leave us.

His sermons, which had always been strong mentally, while no less strong in this direction, took on a

new spiritual intensity and simplicity which drove home the truth of Christ's Gospel as never before, and this characteristic remained with him to his death. He was sincere and honest with himself, his fellow-men, and his God. He was in himself the proof of the lines, "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." A great and pure soul has returned to God, and while we shall sorely miss him, we can rejoice that faith for him has been replaced by sight, and that he has entered into the larger and more glorious service above.

After the singing of "Jesus, Lover of my soul," the service was closed by prayer and benediction.

LETTERS

LETTERS

FROM THE REVEREND J. H. W. STUCKENBERG, D. D., FORMER PASTOR OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH IN BERLIN, GERMANY, NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS., SEPT. 15, 1902.

DR. GEORGE AND MR. ARNOLD SCOTT, NEWTON, MASS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — Mrs. Stuckenberg joins me in the expression of deepest sympathy in respect to the great and sudden bereavement which has fallen upon you. As I read the report of the home-going of your dear father, the shock was severe and the sadness deep. I find it impossible to do anything before sending you these lines of sincere condolence.

Your father was one of my dearest friends. His healthy views, his wise counsel, and his cheerful helpfulness were of inestimable value to me in Berlin. I trusted him implicitly, and I was sure that my confidence in him was never misplaced. As we mourn over his departure, which seems to us untimely, we remember with gratitude his many admirable qualities, and trust a wise Father who knows and does what is best. I know that you will cherish his warm affection for you as a blessed legacy. My earnest prayer is that your beloved mother may be sustained in this overwhelming affliction.

We called at your Newton home the day on which your father

and mother took the steamer in New York. We had no idea that they were on their way to Europe until the maid informed us. Only last evening we spoke of them, wondering when they would return. Then the depressing news this morning solved the mystery.

As you were part of our home in Berlin, so we share your sorrow with you.

FROM THE REVEREND HUGH S. GRIFFITHS, PASTOR OF THE
ROBINSON MEMORIAL CHURCH, GAINSBOROUGH, ENGLAND,
SEPT. 17, 1902.

The sad news contained in your letter received this morning has crushed my heart. It has come to me, of all in England, as a sore personal bereavement. I had written several letters to York Place to the dear doctor, but his silence was not attributed by me to possible affliction. For who of those who had intercourse with him during this Gainsborough week would have thought that he would have been the first to pass away from his strenuous life to his assured reward?

His striking personality, his commanding presence, his enjoyment of life, his contagious enthusiasm in God's work, his devotion to the task in hand, and apparent good health would have led us all to predict for him what all hearts would desire, long years of useful service for the Master.

Words indeed fail me to express, on behalf of our church and

myself personally, my heartfelt sympathy and sorrowful affection for you in this hour. Would that it were possible for me to be at your side — a stranger in a strange land — and do what I could to alleviate your sorrowful lot. That, however, alas! is impossible. I leave Gainsborough at the end of this month.

I can only pray for you in your solitude and sorrow. We shall probably have a memorial service on the last night of my pastorate here, viz. 28. The dear doctor now enjoys his eternal reward. Surely his work will ever be manifest in the completion of the Gainsborough church. I have wired the sorrowful news to the Rev. W. I. Wood and Dr. MacKenna. All our friends whom you mention shall know.

What more, dear Mrs. Scott, can I say? "Rest in the Lord!" I shall hope to bear my personal testimony to the dear doctor, whose form and face and loving spirit will ever be with me.

FROM MRS. E. C. GRIFFITHS, WIFE OF THE PASTOR OF THE
ROBINSON MEMORIAL CHURCH, GAINSBOROUGH, ENGLAND,
SEPT. 17, 1902.

It was such a shock to us this morning, having your letter with the sad news of your dear husband's death! We have spoken much about him since we heard from you on Sunday last. We had grown to feel we knew Dr. Scott quite well. We need not live together to know who our friends are. Dr. Scott and yourself have been great and lasting friends to us. We shall

never forget your kindness. We cannot always see the ways of Providence ; the Psalmist says to us, " What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." It must be a great trial being away from your own home and family. My husband was saying this morning, had you been in England he would like to come and see you. The work done by Dr. Scott never will be known excepting in the hearts of many dear and near to you, and to our Father in Heaven. We are so pleased it has been our privilege to see and hear your dear husband. It has been good of you to write to us so soon to tell us yourself. I must add that from our hearts you have indeed our deepest sympathy in your sad bereavement. We shall, I trust, hear more from you. You will feel more comfortable when your son arrives. Please accept our sincere love, and believe me, in loving remembrance.

FROM THE REVEREND PROFESSOR MELANCTHON W. JACOBUS, D. D., OF HARTFORD THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
SEPT. 18, 1902.

The startling news which came to us in yesterday's papers has been such a shock that we find it difficult to realize it.

Only a few months ago, directly before his sailing, your dear husband was in Hartford and at the Seminary, full of spirits and the bright prospect of another trip to the lands he loved so well. I urged him to come and break bread with us, but urgent committee work made it impossible, so he promised that the next

time he came to Hartford he would see us in our home. It is a sorrow to us that this time will never come.

I have no knowledge of the details of the last illness, but I grieve that it had to be in a far away land, though it was a land which was a second home to him.

I have no knowledge either as to whether you were with him or were here at home. In either case doubtless there would be but little service I could render at this time, but I would count it a favor to be able to do what I could.

May the sorrow which has come to you be tempered with the consolations which are given so fully to those who know where to go for them.

FROM THE REVEREND PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD DUFF, M. A.,
LL. D., OF THE UNITED COLLEGE OF BRADFORD, ENG-
LAND.

We are all overwhelmed by the intimation in this evening's newspapers. We can scarcely credit it that dear, honored Dr. Scott has so soon passed away into the Unseen! As I sit writing here in my study, I seem to see him beside me: he sat here but these few weeks ago! And your bright message from the Hartz Mountains reached us in Chamounix where I was chaplain, and whence we have just returned.

God comfort you, my dear, dear friend. My wife joins with me and so does our daughter and son in deep sorrow, and in

heartfelt sympathy with you. Would that I could run to you and be a son to you, and do a little of the many things that you will need a strong hand to help you to do. But you will let me do anything possible, *please*; God alone can do. He will certainly help. Nay, he does all. He is by you. His peace enfold you and move your spirit. Oh! I ache to help you. We are thinking of you hour by hour.

Sept. 27, 1902.

We think about you all day long through these hours while you await to-morrow and your son's arrival. And far and wide about us there is deep sense of grief and of sympathy with you. I have heard from the Gainsborough friends of their service that is to be to-morrow. And our college governors will record their sorrow at their meeting next week.

We shall anxiously wait for tidings of your journey over sea and your safe arrival at home. There you will be able "to rest," I was going to say, but I will rather say — just to weep; and that will be the first true rest. It is God's own way, to let us tell Him by our own tears how rich His gift was that now seems taken away because it is unseen like Himself.

If only we could reach to you, or see you near, so that we might lay hold to help, but He is doing it. His peace enfold you. We all send love.

FROM MRS. HAMILTON A. HILL, OF BOSTON, MASS., 34 YORK
PLACE, LONDON, SEPT. 19, 1902.

It was with great sadness that I heard this morning the news of the death of Dr. Scott.

He has entered into the rest and peace that must follow a well-spent life, and with him it is well; but for all that, our hearts cry out against the cutting off lives so dear to us, and which were useful and happy.

For you, my dear Mrs. Scott, I have been feeling the deepest sympathy, not only for the loss of your husband, but for the circumstances under which it occurred, so far from home, and with your sons in America. That is all so sad; but when these hard things come to us, we do somehow meet them, and kind friends are raised up for us, and God is good.

When we heard that you were going to be in this house, I was so glad, and anticipated a great many pleasant talks together, such as we had in the old days at Andover. I shall always remember Dr. Scott as I saw him last, just before you left home. I was waiting in Brookline for a street car, and he was waiting also. He said that he was going abroad, and I said I was too, and we hoped we might meet. He seemed so bright and cheerful that day. We leave here to-morrow, and sail for home in the Ivernia for Boston, September 30.

FROM GEORGE SPICER, ESQ., J. P., OF ENFIELD, ENGLAND,
SEPT. 19, 1902.

We were very much shocked to hear on Wednesday the sad news of your sudden bereavement, and you are alone, we fear, in Berlin. It is indeed a terrible blow you have been called upon to bear. I trust that He who alone can give you strength and comfort will indeed be very near you in your loneliness and sorrow. You have our warm sympathy and prayer, and I trust that if you should decide to return by London, you will come and rest awhile with us at Enfield.

It seems so difficult to understand God's dealings with His servants, that one in the full tide of manhood with such powers for His service, and with so many opportunities lying before him in his Master's work, should thus be called away. We can only bow to His will and believe that all is for the best.

FROM THE REVEREND C. R. GARDNER, STAMFORD, ENGLAND, SEPT. 19, 1902.

My friends here, with myself, were most deeply touched by the news of your great sorrow and irreparable loss. We are almost afraid to obtrude our sympathy upon you, feeling how sacred a grief yours indeed is, and inconsolable save by the comforts our Heavenly Father knows how to supply. We had been looking forward to the visit of Dr. Scott and yourself, and had

somewhat eagerly anticipated the pleasure we felt sure your visit would give us. It was not to be. God had other purposes and higher services in store for him. He was to see the face of the Lord the King, instead of simply looking upon the likeness he might have discovered in the faces of His people. How splendid a vision will that be to him; but alas! your loneliness; may God relieve that by graciously giving you, dear Mrs. Scott, such a sense of His presence with you as will enable you to apprehend His meaning, when His word speaks of Him as the husband of the widow. May you have all consolations that are rich and comfort-giving as you cherish the memory of your sainted dead, and tread softly the path that will bring you to the place whither he has sped.

FROM THE REVEREND ALEXANDER MACKENNAL, B. A.,
D. D., OF BOWDON, ENGLAND, SEPT. 19, 1902.

Mr. Griffiths telegraphed to me the sad news of your husband's death, and he has since kindly sent on your letter for me to read. It was very startling to hear of such an end, and I am grieved at his loss, and for your bereavement. His devotion to the cause which he served so efficiently will not be forgotten by any who were concerned with the John Robinson Memorial; but that is only part of the grateful remembrance some of us have of him. He was so genial and so clever, so full of life and so overflowing with brotherly kindness. It is a great regret to me

that I have seen so little of him in England, and that now I shall see him no more.

I want to assure you of my prayerful remembrance of you. It was touching to read your utterances of faith as well as of grief. May God in His great tenderness be with you. Your very sorrow suggests your consolation. He was so much to you, and you have had him all these years. He was so good and affectionate, — and his choicest love was given to you. And you have the Christian hope — resurrection and reunion.

It is possible that your plans may be all changed, and that you may return to America direct. Should you and your son pass through England, you will be as welcome here, and Mrs. Mackennal will receive you as heartily, as if you had come with him to see and enjoy a little of the country. I could promise you here a vale of rest.

FROM THE REVEREND ALEXANDER MACKENNAL, B. A., D. D.,
OF BOWDON, ENGLAND, DEC. 17, 1902.

Your touching letter reached me in due time. I was not surprised at the delay in answering mine. I only wonder that you have been able to bear up so as to be fit for answering letters. That fortnight's waiting in Germany must have been dreadful, but you were sustained by the grace of God; and that same grace can add such an experience to your character, and such fruits of holy living, that the prolongation of your life may be

not only a comfort to your sons, but a time of gracious influence, a time to yourself of abiding in the covert of God's wings as real as would be the life of heaven.

I sent your letter to Mr. Woods, who has just lost his wife, and whose own health has necessitated his talking of resigning his office as secretary of the Congregational Union.

I am venturing to send you a Christmas card to remind you that there is a place for the sorrowful in the festivities of the time. It may add to your willingness to accept this greeting to know that so far as my wife is concerned, it comes from a sick-bed. The old heart trouble from which she was suffering when you called has come back in a very aggravated form. We have had the severest anxiety on her behalf, and for a little time I did not know if I should not cancel the order for the cards. We are now in hopes that she will be spared to us; and indeed she has so desired to send a human and a Christmas greeting to all our friends that no change of place or mode of being can make the issue of it unsuitable.

FROM MISS MARION SYKES SPICER, DAUGHTER OF ALBERT
SPICER, M. P., LONDON, SEPT. 20, 1902.

In my mother's absence from home, father wishes me to write and convey to you our heartfelt sympathy for your great bereavement. Words cannot express how very sorry we are; it must be very dreadful to be right away from home at such a

time. It was only that one evening I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Scott, but I am sure I shall never forget him.

FROM REVEREND W. O. CONRAD, PASTOR OF THE ROLLSTONE
CHURCH, FITCHBURG, MASS., SEPT. 22, 1902.

I presume it must be some days before you will find this, but our hearts go out to you in sympathy and join with yours in sorrow. We cannot feel that the dear good man, so large of heart, so sympathetic, so genuinely sterling in character, has gone from us. The Rollstone Church not only, but all who knew him feel keenly this sorrow. We know that he has entered into the full realization of the blessed hope which he so faithfully taught by word and life.

May God bless you, dear friends, and help you to look up to the source of all strength and comfort. We can do so little when we would gladly do much. God bless you.

FROM MRS. CONSTANCE GURNEY PRICE, WIFE OF HEAD MAS-
TER OF BOWDEN HOUSE SCHOOL, SUDBURY HILL, HAR-
ROW, ENGLAND.

I was so grieved to hear from Mr. Coleman of your sorrow, and cannot express my sympathy sufficiently. To know your dear husband even slightly was to love him, he was always so cheery and bright, and I *do* feel so dreadfully sorry for you, as I know how absolutely devoted you were to each other from what you said to me the day we went out together.

Don't trouble to answer this note, dear Mrs. Scott. You will have so many letters that you are obliged to reply to, and I know by experience how very hard it is, and how it seems to open one's sorrow over and over again; but I thought that I would like to just send a few words to tell you how sorry I am for you, and my husband unites with me in sending you our deep sympathy.

FROM MR. EDWARD JOYCE, OF WALSOKE HOUSE, STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE, SEPT. 22, 1902.

I hardly know how to write to you, but feel I must tell you how greatly distressed I feel over the painful news of the great loss you have sustained, and cannot realize it.

I had wondered why my letter to the doctor to Rotterdam of July 15th inst. had not brought a reply; a fortnight ago it came back to me through the "Dead Letter Office." I then sent it with another letter to the Memorial Hall, London, asking that it might be forwarded to current address. Then came the news of illness, followed by the more sad intelligence of the doctor's death. Be assured of my deepest sympathy and sincere prayers that you may be sustained during this sore trial, and I trust all needful grace and help may be yours. My knowledge of the doctor and yourself was only limited, but quite long enough to create a strong and deep regard. Just as I hoped for the pleasure of welcoming you both at my home and to introduce you to my dear wife and family, we heard the painful news of your

great sorrow. May God be very near to you now, and guide and comfort you according to your need. Again let me ask you to accept my deepest sympathy and very kind regards.

FROM MRS. MARY SPICER,* WIFE OF GEORGE SPICER, ESQ.,
J. P., DUNRAVEN, THE RIDGWAY, ENFIELD, ENGLAND,
SEPT. 23, 1902.

I cannot tell you how grieved we were to read the sad news of your dear husband's death, and how deeply we sympathize with you in your great sorrow. My husband wrote to you at once, but you evidently had not got his letter when you so thoughtfully wrote to me.

We have so often spoken of you both, and only last week we were wondering when you would likely be returning to London from the Continent, when we hoped again to have the pleasure of seeing you. Our son, Douglas, was so anxious you should go to Cambridge for a day. Alas! our plans are shattered; one would have thought Dr. Scott had many years of life before him; he looked so hale and hearty. We shall always feel thankful we had the privilege of meeting your husband; his presence was an inspiration, he was so happy and so full of vigor, and above all so true a servant of our Lord Jesus Christ. May our Loving Father, who "doeth all things well," comfort and support you at this time, and enable you to look away beyond this world to the

* She unveiled the Memorial Tablet at the Gainsborough Celebration.

home above, where your dear one is forever safe and happy in the presence of the Lord he so truly served. My husband unites with me in sincere and loving sympathy with you and yours.

FROM THE REVEREND P. T. FORSYTH, M. A., D. D., PRINCIPAL OF HACKNEY COLLEGE, DIVINITY SCHOOL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND, SEPT. 29, 1902.

I have been traveling about, and have just returned from Scotland, where I had a share in the vote of sorrow which our Union passed to the memory of Dr. Scott. I saw the afflicting news in the paper one day and wished to write you at once, but did not know where to reach you. Now I find your note, and it is a sad pleasure to me that you should have turned to me with your thoughts in such a grief.

Over and over my wife and I have recurred to your terrible trouble, and our hearts have gone out to you in your great darkness and irreparable loss.

Please accept our true sympathy. I commend you to the mercy of God, whose grace your dear one now so freely tastes. May the blessedness which he now knows reach your bereaved hearts also. And may the comfort of his Saviour and yours sustain you till the great reunion. I know that no words will stanch your wound. It is too fresh, and the shock is too great. But it is not quite in vain to offer you sympathy, and to remind you of our common hope and strength, I am sure.

I do not know if you would care to visit us if you pass through London, but we should gladly see you.

Our students return next week, and I am sure they will feel it much when I remind them of Dr. Scott's visit and his fate.

You were very kind to me. May a loving kindness that never really fails comfort and bless you and yours.

FROM MR. W. F. BELTON, SECRETARY OF THE ROBINSON
MEMORIAL CHURCH, GAINSBOROUGH, ENGLAND, SEPT.
30, 1902.

I cannot find words to express my deep sorrow at your loss. I am so glad that I had the pleasure of conversing with you and the Doctor, so glad that I was able to go with you to Scrooby and Austerfield. These places and the circumstances will ever be green in my memory. The great loving heart of dear Dr. Scott, his boundless enthusiasm, his soul-stirring words to us at Gainsborough, have made a deep impress on my life. What would we not have done to have preserved him to you and us! I am so glad you find what a comfort it is to wait upon God and trust Him. May He give you all needful help and succour you and be gracious unto you.

I have sent the address on to 34 York Place. In fact, it was dispatched before your letter reached me, so that I hope it may be found there quite safe, also the papers, magazines, etc.

We will defer sending the chair until we hear further from

you. Mr. Griffiths, who, I am sorry to say, is leaving us to-day, will arrange with you about the inscription on the tablet which we purpose putting into the church. I have just learned that you have arrived or are expected to arrive in London, so send on this letter at once. If there is anything I can do for you, I shall be glad to know. May just mention here that we are very desirous to have a good photograph of the doctor at some time, so that we can keep it permanently in the church, and one of yourself would be very acceptable. I suppose Mr. Griffiths will have sent you on some local papers containing report of memorial service; if not reached you, let me know, and I will send.

FROM "NEWS OF THE MONTH" [CHURCH PAPER].

It is with deep sorrow that we chronicle the death of Rev. G. R. W. Scott, D. D., of Newton, Mass., who died in Berlin, on Saturday, September 13th. During a brief sojourn in that city he was seized with appendicitis in an acute form. At the end of ten days an operation was advised; two hours subsequently, however, "he fell asleep." Dr. Scott came to us not only "golden-handed," but spoke to us golden words, bearing a message of good-will and cheer. Those of us who listened to his eloquent words spoken at the Ter-centenary meetings will never forget the enthusiasm he created and the impression he made. In this hour of sadness our hearts go out to his dear wife (who

was equally interested in our work), and we pray that she may have Divine comfort in her bereavement. Our limited space does not permit us giving much detail, but we would refer our readers to the "Examiner" of September 25th, which contains a special article on Dr. Scott, written by Rev. H. S. Griffiths. A report of the memorial service held in our church on the 28th inst. will be found in the local papers of October 4th.

The deacons and committee, some time ago, decided to present Dr. Scott with an "address," expressing appreciation of the great service rendered by him. This was drawn up by the Rev. H. S. Griffiths, and was framed in oak, formerly a part of the communion rail in Caskgate Street Church, and at the time of Dr. Scott's death was waiting ready to be sent to him when he returned *via* London to America. It has now been forwarded to Mrs. Scott. Mrs. Scott, some time ago, expressed a desire to purchase one of the old chairs in the church parlor; the committee have decided to ask Mrs. Scott to accept it as a gift, and this will be sent on to America shortly.

It has been decided to put a marble tablet in the church in memory of the late Dr. Scott. Mrs. Scott has been consulted on the matter, and has expressed heartfelt gratitude at this thoughtful and kindly action.

Next month we hope to give the copy of the address, and extracts from some letters from Mrs. Scott.

FROM PROFESSOR W. T. HEWETT, CORNELL UNIVERSITY,
ITHACA, N. Y., OCT. 10, 1902.

I am pained to learn that your husband, my friend, has been called away from you and from us all, by death. I well remember what pleasure his friendship afforded me during the year which we spent together in Berlin. I have hoped constantly to visit you and to renew that acquaintance, but, alas! it was not to be.

Please accept from Mrs. Hewett and myself, for yourself and family, the assurances of our sympathy and regard. We hold you in constant and loving memory, and shall always retain an interest in all that concerns you and your welfare.

Please accept my thanks for sending to me the extracts relating to your late husband. I am grateful to see the recognition of his generous nature and of his great usefulness. My former note expresses only imperfectly my sense of the genial character and cordial friendliness of your husband in all his relations.

FROM REVEREND A. E. DUNNING, D.D., EDITOR OF THE
"CONGREGATIONALIST," OCT. 14, 1902.

I should have written to you at once when I heard of your husband's death, if I had known your address. In my own sense of the loss of a dear friend I wanted to express my feeling to the one who was dearest to him. We miss him, not only personally,

but in so many other ways. Only a day or two ago, when we were arranging a meeting with an English delegation coming here next week, one said, Dr. Scott is of all men the one we would most like to have at such a time.

It is difficult for me to think of your return with only his body. He went away so young and vigorous and hopeful. The British papers have had a number of cordial allusions to him during the last few weeks. I inclose the biographical notice we printed of him. It is a comfort to learn that the Gainsborough church is to have a memorial tablet for him. The kind mention of him at the meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales at Glasgow will show many in what esteem he was held in Great Britain. I inclose a clipping from the "Congregationalist" of September 20.

Mrs. Dunning unites with me in expression of our sorrow and our sympathy with you.

FROM REVEREND WILLIAM E. PARK, D. D., OF GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., OCT. 31, 1902.

My telegram has probably explained the situation. I thank you most heartily for the invitation to be present on the sad occasion. It would be an inexpressible privilege to do so, but with a lecture this evening and communion service to-morrow morning, my attendance is impossible.

My heart is with you. I keenly feel my own loss, and what

must yours be ! That grand, noble, large-hearted, Christian man is gone. He was my early friend, and the friend of my father, one of those early friends who can never be replaced. I shall not look for another companion to make good the place of George Scott. Friends like him come but once, and after their departure the vacuum is never filled.

With the keenest sympathy for you, I regret that I cannot be with you through the trying scene of to-morrow.

FROM REVEREND J. D. KINGSBURY, D. D., OF THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY, OCT. 31, 1902.

I read with sympathetic sorrow the notice of your dear husband's sudden sickness, and of his passing on to the other world. Words feebly express our hearts when we try to make another's grief our own.

Your husband was beloved in our Home Missionary Board. He readily gained the confidence of the brethren. He easily grasped the situation, and worked in harmony and with intelligent zeal in the solving of difficult problems of our benevolence. He had a wide acquaintance. He received many honors. He had a host of friends who mourn his loss. I sympathize with you. The sorrow is ours. He is beyond the valley and the weeping. He sings the song of transport and waits with loving heart to welcome his loved ones to the eternal home. His influence will no longer be given to the causes he worked for and loved.

His voice will no longer charm the attentive audiences. His loving word in the gospel will no longer be spoken in tenderness to the people who seek rest and peace and blessed hope. But he will long live in the hearts of his friends. His word was always for humanity and for the church and for his God. And such work lives forever.

I pray that the good Lord will grant you grace and blessing and the daily assurance of his personal love.

FROM EX-MAYOR FREDERICK FOSDICK, OF FITCHBURG,
MASS., Nov. 3, 1902.

I could only say a word to you Saturday, but want to have you know that you have my deepest sympathy and affection in your sorrow.

I know that human sympathy seems weak at such a time, and yet it is a comfort to know that our sorrow is shared by others.

The loss seems almost unbearable, and yet the remembrance of the doctor's pure manhood and strong service rendered brings to us all a joy that we have known such a man, and that because of such service the needy world will still hear his voice for years to come.

You have two noble, manly sons upon whom the mantle of their father's generous, Christly service may fall, and though not ordained ministers of the church, I am sure that sometimes equally effective and acceptable service may be rendered by con-

secrated laymen. May they be all to you and to the world which their father would wish.

The time is short at longest when we shall meet again where faith will be replaced by sight, and we shall know all the reasons for our tears here. May the God of all love comfort and sustain you.

FROM MISS AGNES PARK, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE REVEREND
PROFESSOR EDWARDS A. PARK, D. D., OF ANDOVER,
MASS., NOV. 6, 1902.

I am so glad that you are once more with your sons and among your kindred. I have thought so much about you while you have been away from the friends whom you needed so much. And it is a relief to me to know that you are with them again.

It is a comfort to me to express to you a little of the grief I myself feel, and my sincere sympathy in your loss, which is not alone yours, but is a loss to the whole community. Dr. Scott was so useful, he had time and ability to do so many things which no one else could do, and which were a help to humanity.

It is a mysterious thing that he should be taken away, but for him we know it is gain. To me his loss is a great one — a real one. He has been such a kind friend so many years, and since my father's death has been so helpful to me in his interest in father's work and his advice about it, that it is hard indeed to lose him out of life. As Aldrich says, —

“I wonder what it was that died,
The man himself was here,
His modesty, his scholar’s pride,
His soul serene and clear.
These neither death nor time shall dim;
Still this sad thing must be,
Henceforth I may not speak to him,
Though he can speak to me.”

FROM THE REVEREND THOMAS W. BISHOP, OF AUBURN-
DALE, MASS., NOV. 7, 1902.

In these lonely days that are upon you I want to send you a line to say how deep has been my sympathy for you and your sons in your great sorrow.

I have known your good husband for nearly forty years, and in all that time I do not recall one unpleasant memory, nor have I known him to do anything unworthy of his high calling. This cannot be said always at the casket of a fellow-worker; but I *can* say it of him.

The memories of such a life must be precious to you and yours now.

At the “Tuesday Club” this week it seemed as if he must come in and add his part to the pleasure and profit of the evening. We shall sadly miss him there.

Words are poor things in hours like these; but to know that

others knew and valued the one who has gone from us, and mourn with us, by the very fellowship of a common sorrow, our burden is made lighter.

Be assured you have had the sympathy of his many friends in this great bereavement. Somewhat recently I read this inscription in Latin, cut in the tablet that marked the grave of the artist, Burne-Jones, in the little churchyard at Rothingdean, near Brighton, England: "May perpetual light shine upon it." It is my wish for the resting-place of this workman for God, who had fought a good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith.

May the "God of all comfort, who knoweth how to comfort us in *all* our tribulation," be the comforter of you all in this hour of your need, is the wish of his attached and mourning friend.

FROM REVEREND WILLIAM J. BATT, CHAPLAIN OF THE RE-
FORMATORY AT CONCORD JUNCTION, MASS., NOV. 22,
1902.

Our association have all taken careful note of what you have been passing through, and have sympathized with you at every point in your bereavement in a foreign land, in your coming home, in your arrival here, and in the funeral services that have since been held at Eliot Church. Our association was represented at the funeral services.

We also adopted what seemed to us a fitting, although of course imperfect expression of our appreciation of Dr. Scott,

and ordered it entered upon our records, and a copy sent to you. I thought that many others would like to see it, and that this would be agreeable to you, and therefore it was published in several papers, — "Fitchburg Sentinel," "Leominster Enterprise," but especially in the "Congregationalist" of the 15th inst., where I hope you have already seen it. Perhaps I should say that it was written by Rev. Mr. Tewksbury, pastor of the church at Concord, chairman of the committee appointed for the purpose. We all tender to you and to your sons our sincerest sympathy, and assure you again that we feel that we have lost one of our most useful and beloved members.

I was in England this summer, and heard most emphatic expressions of interest in Dr. Scott's visit there, and the most generous estimates of his worth, of which I had hoped to tell him; but almost immediately after came the news of his passing to the better life.

FROM REVEREND SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON, LL. D.,
SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION,
Nov. 24, 1902.

Your kind letter of November 17 reached me just as I was leaving town for a brief visit, and so I was not circumstanced so as to admit of an immediate reply. I saw in some paper the news that Dr. Scott had passed away. He was not destined to attain to old age, — but he was destined to live to some purpose.

The testimonials in the clippings you inclose have no doubt comforted you as far as words can. To the many other tributes you have received, let me add mine: —

The only time I had much opportunity to see Dr. Scott was at Mohonk in the summer of 1893, shortly after Dr. Schaff had his first stroke. His urbanity, good humor, fund of anecdote, and pertinent remarks made him a very agreeable companion, and won all hearts.

I shall gladly undertake the commissions you have intrusted to me.

Thanking you for your letter, and trusting that the Heavenly Father who loves His children and does not willingly, much less with evil intent, afflict them, may comfort you and your family.

FROM DEACON CHARLES G. PUTNEY, OF LEOMINSTER, MASS.,
Nov. 28, 1902.

It was very kind in you in the midst of your sorrow to write thanking me for the part I was privileged to take in the memorial service to Dr. Scott. There was a strong desire to have such a service, and an earnest wish on the part of the church and many of the townspeople to attend and thus show their love and respect for so noble a Christian gentleman. Dr. Scott was held in high regard by my family long before he became the pastor of the church in Leominster. My boys remember the talks and sermons he gave us when he exchanged with Mr. Meredith while

pastor of the church in Fitchburg. Even our foreign population, Catholics, had great respect for him. Some of them expressed to me shortly after the sad news came their sorrow and high appreciation of his character. He seemed to make a deep impression upon all with whom he came in contact. The Grand Army and Sons of Veterans will always remember his kind words to them.

FROM REVEREND GEORGE A. TEWKSBURY, OF CONCORD,
MASS., NOV. 28, 1902.

Your kind note is received. I am glad the "memorial" of your husband impressed you favorably. It is hard to compress into the brief compass necessary all that one would say, — all, indeed, that ought to be said of such a man as Dr. Scott was; and I felt when I wrote those words that the result was very inadequate, — at best but a modified success, if this word could be used at all in reference to it.

I have found it peculiarly difficult to think of him as having really gone from us not to return; and I know this must seem far more difficult to you and your sons. I could not make it seem at all real that Saturday afternoon at the Eliot Church, though everything about the service was so appropriate, so impressively what the sad occasion required.

I always thought of Dr. Scott as a personal friend, and always valued highly his friendship. It was an unfailing cheer to meet him.

Mrs. Tewksbury has felt for you, as have I, a deep sympathy in the greatness of your loss, with the constant sense of absence or loneliness which you must feel. The assurance of much unspoken and unwritten remembrance must be yours.

FROM THE REVEREND WASHINGTON CHOATE, D. D., SECRETARY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY (NATIONAL), NEW YORK, DEC. 4, 1902.

I have your letter of the 3d inst., and will most readily comply with your request to communicate to our Executive Committee your expressions of gratitude and appreciation of the word which went to you in their name.

I need not say that with every successive meeting of the committee we are reminded of the loss that has come to us in the absence of your husband. This is a sorrow which many hearts outside the immediate home circle are conscious of continually.

FROM J. COMPTON RICKETT, ESQ., M. P., LONDON, ENGLAND, DEC. 9, 1902.

Indeed I did not realize that you had suffered so great a loss since I wrote you. Your husband appeared in perfect health and strength when we met at Gainsborough and subsequently in London.

Please accept my heartfelt sympathy with you in your great trouble. May God help and bless you.

FROM THE REVEREND W. J. WOODS, B. A., SECRETARY OF
THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES,
DEC. 10, 1902.

I am very glad to have your address, and to avail myself at once of the opportunity to send you a private letter. Let me first say that your communication, for which I thank you, shall be read to our committee.

I shall never forget your beloved husband, — he came to us like a fresh and healthful breeze from the West; his cheery personality made his presence a peculiar delight, and we shall ever remember the substantial service he rendered to our church at Gainsborough.

I do not dare to intrude upon the sanctity of your grief in the irreparable loss you have sustained, but I am sure you will not think it impertinent of me to say that to have had such a husband as yours may well be to you an occasion of life-long thankfulness and legitimate pride, which I trust may mitigate the poignancy of your bitter bereavement.

FROM THE REVEREND A. E. DUNNING, D. D., EDITOR OF THE
“CONGREGATIONALIST,” BOSTON, MASS., DEC. 18, 1902.

Your letter of the 17th is just received. I did not get the telegram you sent, did n't know you sent it till now. If I had known the time of your husband's funeral, I should have been present.

I was not in the office the day before, and did not see the evening paper. The first announcement I saw was in the paper containing the account of the services, mentioning me as one of the pallbearers.

My sympathy with your bereavement, and Mrs. Dunning's also, is made keener by the sudden death of our grandson at sea. His mother and he were on their way to join my son in Japan. He died almost without warning of illness two days before they reached Honolulu, and the news reached us last Saturday. We are waiting to hear of our daughter's arrival at Yokohama, and fear the shock was too great for her.

It is hard for us here to realize that your husband is no longer here. Only the other day several of us were planning some work for the churches, when one present said, "There is no one who could do it so well as Dr. Scott."

FROM MRS. SARAH DERING SPRAGUE.*

Can it be possible that you are walking the same sad pathway the Saviour marked out for me? You cannot imagine my surprise, when, a few days since, at a missionary meeting I sat next Miss Littell, she asked, had you "returned from Europe." I replied I had not heard. "Why, then you do not know of Dr.

* Her husband, Rev. Edward Payson Sprague, Ph. D., D. D., was Dr. Scott's room-mate at Andover Theological Seminary. He died in January, 1902.

Scott's death. A friend of my sister Mabel's in Bethlehem wrote her that he died abroad after an operation; this is all we know or have heard." I cannot realize that it can be so. We thought of you alone in a foreign land, and yet it has come to me you had been there so many years you might have been among friends. I hope so. 'T is so mysterious that a man in his prime should be taken away from service here. But God our Heavenly Father makes no mistakes, and some day you will know why it was His will.

What can I say to you? I feel not one word, and yet my heart longs to tell you of its sympathy. It seems so sad to me to know your heart is bleeding too. As I write, my mind is vainly striving to imagine the meeting in the Land over Yonder (it will seem much nearer to you than ever before), and my heart rejoices in their glorified and beatific visions and nearness to the Saviour whom they served; but alas! what a desolate heart-abiding remains. Yours is a sorrow wholly by itself. What is to be done with the love which belongs only to one? It cannot perish, for it has become a part of your own being. What shall we do with a lost love which wanders like a ghost through all the chambers of the soul, only to feel how empty they are? What remains but to send it upward until it finds him to whom it has belonged all these years?

May the Father fill this dark cloud with Himself, that you may know what it is to be alone with Him. He sees 't is best

sometimes to put out earthly lights, that the sweetness of His love and presence may shine the brighter.

Blessed memories encircle you like a rainbow, as long as you live, and to carry to Heaven with you and pour into song forever, that the praise hereafter may rise higher and sweeter before His throne, as you bow together there.

I hope you and your sons are well, and I hope, too, that I may hear from you when you can write. You are so often in my thought and prayer. God bless you with His tender sympathy. Yours with aching heart that would try and offer comfort.

FROM THE REVEREND MORTON DEXTER, D. D., OF BOSTON,
MASS., JAN. 6, 1903.

I was sorry not to see you the other day, but not at all surprised to learn that you were ill. To have borne what you have been called upon to undergo must have been a severe strain indeed.

When I first heard of Dr. Scott's death I was still abroad, and I could not learn how to address you. As I was soon to return home, I decided that, as so long an interval of time already had elapsed, I would not write, but call upon you when I could, if I found that you were here. One can say so much more than one can write, and so much more easily, you know. But there have been few days, if any, when I have not thought of you and prayed that you might be sustained and comforted.

The news came to me like a lightning stroke out of a clear sky. Dr. Scott was so thoroughly *himself* during those happy days in Leyden, so manly and sturdy in appearance and character, so wise and suggestive, so genial and merry, so truly a man of the world, — in the high sense, — and yet so tenderly spiritual, that our long-time friendship became more strongly rooted, and to me, at least, more precious than ever. Moreover, I never had had the opportunity to know you quite so well before. You can imagine what a void you left when you went away. We often used to talk about you both at the Le Poole's. They do not often warm so quickly to new friends, I think, as they did to you. You will have their most heartfelt sympathy.

It is pleasant to recall that your husband did not have to go through, like many equally strong and eminent men, a period of declining health and failing mental powers. He went *up* steadily to wider reputation and larger honors, and died at the climax, so to speak. Not that he might not have had equal, or even greater successes had he lived, but he was spared any possible consciousness that he had passed the zenith of his usefulness at any future time.

It must be hard to know that people are saying of you, "He was a man of power once, but now his day is gone by." Well, the years go, and our dear ones go, and it is hard to see them go and be left behind. But before long we all shall be together again, I am sure, in the better land. I wonder what new field of

service is opening there for him. Such a finely equipped mind and such a noble heart cannot but be about the Master's work somewhere and somehow.

I am glad you have your boys to cheer you. God comfort you and them. I am sure your precious memories and your Christian faith are trusty consolations.

FROM MR. C. R. KOUVELD, AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND, JAN.
25, 1903.

I cannot tell you how deeply moved I was when the mail brought me yesterday your very sad tale, and it cast a gloom over all of us, as if we had lost a good, old friend. What struck us was that only a few weeks after we lost sight of you both in Wernigerode, you stood there all alone by yourself, in a foreign land, your best friend taken away from you. And we from time to time had said, "At Christmas, now, Mr. and Mrs. Scott are sure to be comfortably home with their children."

Yes, we know that one day our time is up, but when it comes to it, it seems so cruel. We have a great, great pity with you, but then you have your children left, and I hope they will give you a compensation, as far as it is possible.

My wife wishes, with the children, to be remembered to you, and send you their deep sympathy.

FROM REVEREND GEORGE A. JACKSON, SECRETARY OF THE
BOSTON GENERAL THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY, JAN. 27,
1903.

ARNOLD SCOTT, Esq.,

DEAR SIR, — With the inclosed notice of your election as a member of our corporation, of which your honored father was so esteemed a member, I send also our annual report, from which you will learn the nature of our work.

Although your father had been with us but a few years, he had by his whole-hearted interest in and efforts for the Library greatly identified himself.

Our board desires that his name and the memory of his presence among us may be perpetuated. They therefore tender to you this election, which I trust that you may see fit to accept. As the years pass you may be ready to take, as do other members of your profession, some official place among us.

FROM THE REVEREND W. H. LITTELL, OF SETAUKET, L. I.,
N. Y., FEB. 11, 1902.

It was our intention to write as soon as we heard through Mrs. Arnold of the death of your dear husband; then we thought to defer writing till we heard you were at home. So it has been too long delayed, but you have been often mentioned in our conversation, and had a place in our thoughts and our prayers. We

cannot attempt to describe your loss, and there is no need, for "the heart knoweth its own bitterness" and loss. That *strong frame* and *earnest manner* that characterized him seem farthest removed from all thoughts of death in our minds, but how true it is "death loves a shining mark." Sadly missed here, he is rendering service where the good Master wants him. Meantime you are lonely and sorrowful.

All join me in love and sympathy.

FROM REVEREND PROFESSOR J. H. W. STUCKENBERG, D. D.,
FORMER PASTOR OF AMERICAN CHURCH, BERLIN, GER-
MANY, NOV. 10, 1902.

We have been walking with you in the shadow, though yours is necessarily deeper than ours. So highly did I esteem Dr. Scott that his sudden departure affected me keenly. I hoped to have much pleasant and profitable association with him in coming days.

I have wondered whether in any way I could be of service to you. No doubt your sons and others near you will aid you to the utmost. Still, if at any time I can at all, by suggestion or otherwise, be of any help, do not hesitate to let me know. My regard for yourself as well as for the departed would make any service on my part a pleasure.

Be assured of our deepest sympathy. Kind regards to your sons. I need not assure you that Mrs. Stuckenberg joins heart-

ily with me in the above expressions of cordiality and sympathy to you and your sons.

FROM THE REVEREND FRANK W. MERRICK, OF WEST ROXBURY, MASS., NOV. 8, 1902.

I have had it in mind ever since Dr. Scott's departure from us to write you a brief note of sympathy and appreciation; but as I was ill at the time when the sad news came, I was unable to do so. This condition and this only kept me from attending the services last Saturday at Newton.

But be assured of my deep sympathy, for having come to know your good husband so well, and having received many evidences of his fraternal spirit and generous helpfulness, I feel somewhat prepared to express my appreciation of him and my real sorrow with you.

It is no disparagement of our ministers about here to say that none exceeded Dr. Scott in his hearty fulfillment of the Apostle's command, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." I have myself been to him for advice, and have received more than good counsel, — I have been met with large-hearted kindness and generosity.

Now that he is gone, I think of this, and I wish you and your family to know how highly one of "the younger men" thought of him. A good man has gone to his great reward.

FROM MRS. JOSEPH WATSON, OF BECKINGHAM, NEAR GAINSBOROUGH, ENGLAND, OCT. 2, 1902.

Very, very much you have been in my thoughts, — indeed, dear Mr. Watson and our household felt so sad on hearing of your dear husband's comparatively sudden illness, and then his removal from this earth and all his loved ones. We do lovingly sympathize with you, dear Mrs. Scott, in this heavy trial and sorrow, and commend you to the special tender care of our Heavenly Father. May his presence and promises comfort and aid you to bear this great sorrow, and the Everlasting Arms be round about you and strength given you to bear this loneliness. We so admired and liked you both, and your loved one's presence did my husband good, — indeed, we all felt the better for having you both with us, and regretted the time was so short, but we shall truly value that visit more and more now, dear Mrs. Scott, and I only wish you had received letters from us to tell you (though I think Miss Camp wrote for me) how much we enjoyed your visit; it was a pleasure to receive two dear souls who were one in heart and interest in the Gainsborough church. I am afraid your husband must have suffered very much from that sad complaint; it seemed difficult to believe, when Mr. Griffiths wrote to us the sad news, that one so fine in figure and looking comparatively well was so soon taken Home, and yet I thought he sometimes looked very tired, but which I concluded

was owing to the arduous, noble task and labor for our church, and you also looked fatigued. Yes, it was a splendid work he accomplished, and I never think of our friends (the little minister and his wife and church) without Dr. Scott's and your faces coming before me. I am so glad your son is with you; what a terrible time it must have been for you in Germany! I do hope many kind, sympathizing friends appeared for you. We thought of you specially last Sunday morning, and my husband went to the Memorial Service at Gainsborough; it was a trying service for Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, being also their last Sunday. Mr. G. leaves to-day for his new post, — we shall miss him, his wife, and daughter very much. We must hope a nice minister will soon be settled, and continue sowing the good seed which I feel sure Mr. Griffiths labored very earnestly to sow. I am sorry to send such a disconnected letter, but talking going on, I know you will excuse, as I feel I cannot let this day pass without writing, you are so much in our thoughts. My husband often refers to your sorrow, and we do sympathize very sincerely with you and yours. I hope you are feeling a little better, now your son is with you, but nothing can make up for the loss of a dear, loving husband. Mr. Watson sends his kindest remembrances, and will ever retain as well as myself very pleasant memories of Dr. Scott's and your visit. How kind of you to send me a beautiful letter in the midst of such sorrow, and much to see to. I shall treasure all your letters and kind post cards, and hope you

will please excuse my not writing sooner. I seem to get a very poor scribe. My husband is well and always busy, and I am keeping better, and hope to have a change of air soon with my husband. Now, dear friend, accept warm love and true sympathy. I shall be so pleased to hear from you after your return to America.

FROM THE REVEREND CHARLES ORRIN DAY, D. D., PRESIDENT OF ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NOV. 15, 1902.

MR. ARNOLD SCOTT.

MY DEAR MR. SCOTT, — I was in the far West when your telegram of October 31 was sent to Andover.

Had I been at home, I should have gone to Newton to attend the funeral of Rev. Dr. Scott.

He was a true friend of Andover, and personally *very* kind to me. I shall miss him greatly, and so will the work. It was his energy and wisdom that worked for a great meeting of friends of the seminary in 1901, which turned sentiment in our favor; and had he lived, he would have done great things for us. The seminary and the churches will mourn his loss, and affectionately cherish the memory of a strong, warm-hearted, loyal man and brother.

FROM MRS. EZRA HOYT BYINGTON, NEWTON, MASS., NOV.
2, 1902.

I hardly need tell you, for you must know, how my heart aches for you, how my thoughts have followed you ever since the hour which brought the sad tidings of your loss. So hard to realize that one so strong, so full of life and vigor, could have gone hence before we even had thought it possible. Oh! how *can* the world move on day by day without our dear ones who seemed to us so indispensable to its advancement. We may not solve the mystery of parting, but one thought cheers us in the darkness of our grief, each day brings us nearer to the glorious meeting with our Saints in the Light.

Please extend my cordial sympathy to your dear sons, who must be doubly precious to you now.

FROM THE REVEREND PROFESSOR A. DUFF, M. A., LL. D.,
BRADFORD, ENGLAND, JUNE 3, 1903.

I am inclosing what you will have already, a copy of the little sheet or Church Magazine of the Gainsborough folks. It contains my brief address, with such little alterations as I made for the printer. When I went down from the pulpit, and drew off the curtain, I tried to add a few sentences to the inscription. My throat filled up, and for a few moments the church audience

room was silent; we felt as if our beloved friend were very really present. And he was.

The college Anniversary Day will be here again very soon, reminding us of the time a year ago when you rested awhile along with the dear soul in our home. I seem to be living those days and scenes all over again. I never weary seeing in memory that few minutes when we watched the great wave roll and dash and rage up the river, while we stood upon the bridge and watched. How verily we were children again. And how beautiful it was to feel so.

But you sit and look and listen, — and there is silence. No, verily, you are listening to the Voices of your Husband and of his Master. And they are as real as ever. You look and you see the light that never was on sea or shore. *Sursum corda*. My wife and I send fraternal love.

FROM THE REVEREND WOLCOTT CALKINS, D. D., OF NEWTON, MASS.

My knowledge of Dr. Scott began, as you know, during recent years. I was always greatly impressed by his scholarship, his originality of thought, and his devotion to an exalted profession. It was quite a surprise that after his home had been selected in Newton and I was counting on his fellowship and counsels to me in the closing years of my work, that he disappeared for such a length of time. His Leominster service seems

to have been quite characteristic of his alert ear for the call of duty.

I think it was in Fitchburg that I first heard of his exchanging with Lutheran ministers and of his preaching in the German language. I have only once or twice, in emergencies, attempted that myself, and I wondered at his courage until my last stay at Berlin in 1902. There I heard of his complete mastership of the language, and of his high attainments in its literature. What pleased me more was to hear of his incessant help and encouragement to our American Church there in its days of struggle.

My last preaching service in England was in the church founded by Richard Baxter when he was banished by the "Five Mile Act" under Charles II. It is now one of our greatest Congregational churches in England; and Dr. Scott had preached there the Sunday before me. They were deeply impressed by the originality and practical force of his sermons. I could see they had him in mind when they were saying incessantly, "We like American preaching."

Dr. Scott will rank among our most scholarly and earnest ministers.

RESOLUTIONS AND TESTIMONIALS



RESOLUTIONS AND TESTIMONIALS

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

The Congregational ministers of Boston and vicinity assembled at their regular Monday meeting, September 22, 1902, desire to express and to place on record their sincere sorrow and deep sense of personal bereavement in the sudden death of Rev. George R. W. Scott, Ph. D., D. D., on the 13th instant, in the city of Berlin, Germany.

They recognize the specially afflictive character of his removal at a time when he was serving as an accredited representative of American Congregationalism abroad, both in the pulpits of the English brethren and at a memorable historical occasion, the bearer of gifts and sympathies of churches here.

They bear witness to the eminent service he has rendered as a minister of Christ by his faithfulness and success in the pastorates of several large and influential churches and his occasional ministrations in various other prominent pulpits; by his literary labors, and by his generous devotion of gifts and time in support of denominational interests, and of the welfare of the church at large.

A man of imposing form and commanding presence, with

a powerful utterance in public address, of clear vision of spiritual truth and with firm convictions concerning it, he was also endued with a high sense of honor; he was successful in the management of important financial affairs; he was genial in bearing, and delightful as a friend.

His extended residence and scholarly pursuits abroad enabled him to speak intelligently of the tendencies of modern thought in various lands, and with great earnestness he was wont to express his steadfast loyalty to the best standards of New England Congregational life.

The memory of his engaging qualities will be affectionately cherished by a large circle of friends, and his career remembered with gratitude to God.

A. H. PLUMB.

EDWARD C. EWING.

THOMAS A. EMERSON.

RESOLUTION OF THE JOINT ASSEMBLY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNIONS OF ENGLAND AND WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND, SEPT. 24, 1902.

MOVED by Rev. Alexander Mackennal, M. A., D. D.

SECONDED by Rev. D. W. Simon, M. A., Ph. D., D. D.

This Assembly has heard with deep regret of the death of the Rev. G. R. W. Scott, Ph. D., D. D., of Newton, Mass., whose visit to the Union in May as delegate from the National Trien-

nial Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States is remembered with pleasure. The Assembly further records its gratitude to Dr. Scott for the eminent service he rendered to the John Robinson Memorial Church, Gainsborough, in collecting and bringing with him an American gift of £1,200 toward the discharge of the liabilities resting on the building and the completing of its decoration.

The Assembly instructs the secretary to write to Mrs. Scott and the secretary of the Triennial Council, expressing its profound sympathy with them in this unexpected bereavement.

FROM THE REVEREND W. J. WOODS, B. A., SECRETARY OF
THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES,
OCT. 7, 1902.

In sending you the inclosed resolution, passed on September 24th by a standing vote in the Assembly, I am charged to assure you of the deep feeling which the Assembly experienced in adopting it.

Dr. Scott impressed the Assembly very favorably in May by the geniality and brightness of his greeting. Those of our number who have known him have borne witness that this was no superficial grace, but the revelation of a heart at once largely sympathetic and truly pious. Of his devotion to Christ, and his loyalty to the Congregational churches, we are also assured.

FROM THE REVEREND GEORGE A. JACKSON, SECRETARY OF
THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY OF BOSTON,
MASS., SEPT. 29, 1902.

TO MRS. SCOTT.

DEAR MADAM, — At their first meeting after hearing of your
and their great loss, the directors of our Library acted as fol-
lows: —

The cable announcement which came to us two weeks ago
this morning from Berlin of the sudden death of our associate
on the Board of Directors of the General Theological Library,
the Rev. George R. W. Scott, Ph. D., D. D., gave to us a painful
shock, and has left upon us a deep sense of loss.

Dr. Scott, though one of the more recent accessions to our
Board, had already proved himself a most efficient member, and
he had planned large service for the Library during the coming
year.

His appreciation of and enthusiasm for our expanding work,
his willingness to act, and his good judgment both as to our class
of books and as to business affairs, made him a man whom we
should have been glad to advance in time to the highest place
among us.

Our esteem for him as a Christian gentleman, a scholarly
divine, and a whole-souled friend, who always carried courage
and good-cheer wherever he went, is of the highest order.

We extend our sympathies to his bereaved family and ask the privilege of attending by our representation upon his obsequies.

Permit me, dear Mrs. Scott, to say how deeply I feel the personal loss which Dr. Scott's absence will bring to me and to all others of his clerical associates. If it may be, Mr. Arthur S. Johnson, Mr. George W. W. Dove, and myself of our Board will attend the funeral service.

THE NEWTON TUESDAY CLUB.

At a meeting of the Tuesday Club held in Newton, October 7, 1902, the following minute was adopted:—

Having received, with great sorrow, the announcement of the sudden death of Dr. George R. W. Scott, at Berlin, September 20, 1902, we, as members of the Tuesday Club, of which Dr. Scott was a member, desire to place in our records our appreciation of him as a scholar and a genial friend.

Although not long our associate in the Club, his fine literary productions and his manly personality have impressed us with his value as a writer and as a man of genuine excellence.

He has won our hearts by his courtesy and kindly manner.

While we are startled and grieved by the news of his death in the midst of apparently robust health, we are thankful that he has brightened us with his friendship and enriched us with his thought.

As a Club and as individual members in the comradeship of

frequent intercourse with him, we would extend to his family our sincere sympathy in this period of their deep sorrow.

We do this believing that we can, in some measure, realize from an acquaintance with Dr. Scott what the loss of such a man must be to those who, in his own home, knew him best.

We think of him now as one who

“ With gathered power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame,
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.”

A true copy.

GEO. W. SHINN,
Secretary Tuesday Club.

THE LEOMINSTER CHURCH.

LEOMINSTER, MASS., Oct. 19, 1902.

At a meeting of the Orthodox Congregational Church, Leominster, held this day, the following expression of appreciation and sympathy was adopted and ordered spread upon the records.

The clerk was instructed to forward a copy of this vote to Mrs. G. R. W. Scott, Newton, Mass.

To the members of this church and congregation the death of Dr. G. R. W. Scott has all the sorrow of a personal bereavement. Before he came to Leominster, many of us had long known Dr. Scott as the efficient pastor of one of the largest

churches in Fitchburg. When later he became the pastor of our church, we learned to love and honor Dr. Scott still more for his character and his work. The service, which, for five and a half years, he rendered this church as its pastor, we gratefully remember as one distinguished to an unusual degree for scholarly ability, for great earnestness, and unselfish devotion. The church prospered under the care of Dr. Scott. He was in our homes and in our hearts; while the whole community found in him a tower of strength for purity of personal living, for civic righteousness, and exalted patriotism.

Therefore this church, including all its organizations and departments of service, desires to express once more its indebtedness to the able, scholarly, and faithful ministry of Dr. Scott, to emphasize our appreciation of his noble Christian character, his great worth as a citizen, his able and faithful work as minister of Jesus Christ.

Our church is rich in memories of those years when Dr. Scott was its pastor, stronger for the wisdom of his service, grateful to have shared the inspiration of his life and teachings. In our sorrow at the death of our most distinguished member, we send our sympathy to Mrs. Scott, whom we all hold in most loving remembrance for her kindly and helpful service among us, and to the other members of the family in this their great affliction.

Signed: —

For the Church, REV. LAWRENCE PHELPS, Pastor.

J. D. MILLER, E. M. ROCKWELL, AND C. E. WOODWARD,
Committee.

For the Sunday-school, R. LINCOLN CHANDLER, Superintendent.

For the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor,
Seniors, IRVING B. LOOK, Committee.

For the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor,
Juniors, F. J. LOTHROP, Superintendent.

For the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, SUSAN M.
HASKELL, Secretary.

For the Ladies' Circle, RUTH A. FOSTER, President.

WALTER N. HOWE, Clerk.

Orthodox Congregational Church.

THE MIDDLESEX UNION ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS would hereby bear witness to the great sense of loss occasioned by the death of George R. W. Scott, D. D., for a long time one of its members. We esteemed him highly in love, alike for his kindly personal qualities, his warm fraternal spirit, his varied intellectual culture and scholarly attainments; also, for his clear, discriminating emphasis of evangelical truth, and his genial yet unyielding adherence to the polity, doctrine, and traditions of our churches; an attitude all the more noteworthy and valuable in view of his familiarity with the phases and tendencies of German theo-

logical thought, gained in part through long residence in that empire. "A disciple to the kingdom of heaven," he ever brought forth out of his treasure of knowledge, intelligent conviction, reading, experience, and resources of special opportunity, things new and old, both for our pleasure and our profit. In our acquaintance with him we took delight; his presence in our meetings was an unfailing source of good cheer, practical help, and inspiration toward the highest aims of professional endeavor.

We are glad to think, also, of the high order of his ministry as a preacher and pastor within our bounds; of his ever ready and efficient response to the calls of citizenship, and of the value of his general service to our denominational body, both in its national and international extent. It was in this wider service that he took his last journey from us; among his latest public words were those of appeal to his brethren in behalf of the contribution promised by our churches through the National Council to the John Robinson Memorial Church in Gainsborough, England; and his last act in that service was to represent our churches at the Ter-centenary of that church in June last and present to it the full amount pledged.

Thence he went again to Germany, which, next to his native country, he would have chosen, doubtless, even as the Divine Will had chosen it for him, as the place of his call to the "better country, that is, a heavenly;" and where all earthly journeys

must end, if they shall end well. Though he comes not back to us, we shall hold him in warm remembrance as one whom we are grateful to have known and loved.

With whatever of needed adaptation, we may put into his lips — for “he being dead yet speaketh” — the words of another Christian minister from this State, sojourning in the Italian capital, whom death did not permit to return: —

“ Much have I seen of Rome,
But have seen more of heaven;
Grander than Peter’s dome
The scheme of sin forgiven.”

To his widow and his sons we tender our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE MIDDLESEX UNION ASSOCIATION.

THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

November 8, 1902.

MRS. GEORGE R. W. SCOTT, NEWTON, MASS.

MY DEAR MRS. SCOTT, — At the first meeting of the Executive Committee of this Society, after the sad news reached us of the death of Dr. Scott, many words of sorrow and testimony of his valuable services in connection with this society were spoken. At that meeting, also, a committee of our Board was designated to prepare a minute expressing, in some measure,

our sense of the great loss that has come to us in the death of your husband. This testimonial of the esteem in which Dr. Scott was held, and of the sorrow of our Board, I am instructed to forward to you.

At the meeting of the committee, held on Monday, November 3, the following minute was placed upon our records: —

The death of our brother and associate, Rev. George R. W. Scott, D. D., has brought to the Executive Committee of the Congregational Home Missionary Society a large loss and a deep sorrow. During the period of his association with this committee, Dr. Scott endeared himself to its members by his geniality and his cordial brotherliness. He was faithful in all the duties of his office; candid and judicious in his advice; helpful in the counsels of the Board, and in the presentation of the work of the society on public occasions. We place this minute on record as a memorial of our appreciation, affection, and sorrow.

Very sincerely yours,

WASHINGTON CHOATE.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.

NEWTON, MASS., Nov. 6, 1902.

MY DEAR MRS. SCOTT, — At the first meeting of this Club on Wednesday, the president spoke feelingly of our many members who have recently met with deep affliction.

As an expression of their sincere sympathy for you in your very great bereavement, the members remained standing in silence for a brief time.

With the feeling of kinship that sorrow brings,

I am yours very truly,

NELLIE DANA FOLLETT,

Corresponding Secretary.

NEWTON MONDAY EVENING CLUB.

NEWTON, Dec. 15, 1902.

DEAR MRS. SCOTT, — At the last meeting of the Monday Evening Club the following appreciation of your late husband was voted to be spread upon our records and a copy sent to the family.

Respectfully,

A. R. BAILEY,

Secretary.

In the mysterious Providence which has taken from our fellowship the Rev. G. R. W. Scott, D. D., we have lost a brother member whose memory will long be tenderly cherished.

We gratefully recall our lamented brother's cheerful and inspiring comradeship.

To Dr. Scott friendship was more than a name or conventional convenience. His magnetic speech, his glowing face, and warm hand-clasp were genuine interpreters of a loyal heart.

We also found inspiration in his intellectual vigor and close

vision of practical life. In our discussions or informal conversations, his utterances secured and rewarded closest attention. With large and urgent demands upon his time and strength, he was faithful in attendance upon our meetings and eminently thorough in his coöperation.

From the first it was evident that with Dr. Scott conscientious thoroughness was a law of his life.

We gratefully recall the ordering of Providence that crowded the closing months of our brother's strenuous and useful life with a unique and resplendent success. Chosen by the descendants and successors of the Pilgrims and Puritans to represent them at Gainsborough, England, he also raised and conveyed to the mother land a large sum of money to complete a memorial church and publicly presented the same; his skillful and enthusiastic industry overcame all the difficulties in securing donations in an unusual direction, and a coöperation from so many wide circles, religious, social, and educational, that the event not only fulfilled the original intention, it was a demonstration of international as well as interdenominational comity and esteem.

By letters and contributions, the President of the United States, the Governor of Massachusetts, our Minister to England, Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, President Eliot of Harvard University, and others in the highest walks of life enthusiastically coöperated.

We are grateful that in England and Germany until his last days in Berlin there came to our brother multiplied opportunities for useful ministry, and that continued and generous tokens of personal appreciation were a golden radiance to his life's sun's setting.

We spread this brief and inadequate minute of our appreciation upon our records and forward the same to Mrs. Scott and the sons with assurances of deepest sympathy and tender remembrance.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN
MISSIONS.

BOSTON, Jan. 31, 1903.

At the regular annual meeting of the Trustees of Jaffna College Funds held in the Congregational House this week, the following action was taken by unanimous and rising vote. It gives me pleasure as secretary of the Board to transmit the same to you. I assure you it expresses the sincere feeling of our hearts.

Whereas it has pleased God to take from us Rev. George R. W. Scott, Ph. D., D. D., who was for three years a member of this corporation,

RESOLVED, That we here record our sense of loss as we miss him from his accustomed place at our annual meeting, and that we express to Mrs. Scott and the family our sincere sympathy with them in the great sorrow they bear.

RESOLVED, That this action be spread upon our records, and a copy of the same be sent to Mrs. Scott.

JAMES L. BARTON,

Secretary.

BOSTON, March 27, 1903.

At the Annual Gathering of the Boston Association of the Middlebury College Alumni, held in Hotel Bellevue on the evening of March 26, the following resolution presented by President Brainerd, a classmate of Dr. Scott, was unanimously adopted by a rising vote: —

RESOLVED, That the Association of Middlebury College Alumni deeply feels its loss in the death of Rev. Dr. George R. W. Scott, of the class of 1864, and for three years the genial and efficient president of this Association. By his death the cause of learning and religion has lost an able supporter and the college a loyal friend.

This Association desires to extend its sincere sympathies to the family of Dr. Scott.

JAMES L. BARTON,

President.

JAMES A. LOBBAN,

Secretary.

BOSTON EVANGELICAL INSTITUTE.

REVERE, MASS., May 6, 1903.

At a meeting of the Alumni Association of the Boston Evangelical Institute (formerly Lay College), a committee was ap-

pointed to prepare a minute on the life and death of Professor George R. W. Scott, D. D., a former teacher in this institution.

RESOLVED, 1st, That we voice the sentiments of all his students in expressing a high appreciation of him as a scholar and teacher, especially of his assiduous efforts in preparing for his work and in faithfully performing it.

RESOLVED, 2d, That we extend to his family—his wife and children — our heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement at his sudden death and in their great loss.

RESOLVED, 3d, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and also be engrossed in the Records of this Association.

By vote of the Committee,

J. P. BIXBY.

A. C. GILMORE.

J. A. POGUE.

October 20, 1902.

MY DEAR MRS. SCOTT, — At the first autumn meeting of the Woman's Association in Eliot Church, Newton, very tender expressions of sympathy were offered for you in your sore bereavement.

And I as secretary was asked to bring to you this loving thought:—

The dearest friends can go with us only a little way in our

lonely journey. But there is comfort in the thought that loving hearts are with us in tender sympathy. And beyond all this is the assurance that One who walks beside us all the way yearns to comfort us with his own consolations, which are not small.

In behalf of the Association with heartfelt sympathy,

Yours in sorrow,

EMILY F. POTTER.

ADDRESS OF THANKS

After Dr. Scott left Gainsborough, the following Address of Thanks, duly prepared and engrossed, was sent to him at London. It was framed in old oak, part of the Communion-rail of the old Caskgate Church, which was used as their place of worship by the Gainsborough Congregationalists prior to the erection of the John Robinson Memorial Church.

To

The Rev: George K. W. Scott, Ph. D., D. D.

DEAR SIR,

We, the Pastor, Officers and Members of the JOHN ROBINSON MEMORIAL CHURCH, Gainsborough, England, desire to place on record our grateful remembrance of your visit to this Church on June 10th and 11th, 1902.

In October, 1901, YOU were elected the Official Representative of the NATIONAL COUNCIL of the Congregational Churches of the United States to attend the Ter-centennial celebration of the Gainsborough church.

The occasion afforded a unique opportunity for emphasizing

our international good-will and coöperation in the erection of this Memorial to the Pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers.

By your generous endeavors and fraternal interest gifts exceeding in value \$5,000 were presented by YOU for the Building Fund on behalf of the National Council and Subscribers in the UNITED STATES.

We gratefully record that this generous expression of our kinsmen's affection for their Pilgrim Ancestry has enabled us to declare free of debt this historic Memorial to the master-spirit of Congregationalism.

YOUR eloquent advocacy and personal appeals evoked the cordial response of your renowned Statesmen, your influential Citizens, learned Theologians, gifted and distinguished Preachers and Christians, whose life and works shed a lustre over your great Country.

In your Official visit and that of other Brethren we felt that the choice souls of two great Nations met together to share a common inspiration in commemorating the memory and worth of the Fathers of our race.

Through YOU we desire to convey to the National Council and the generous donors of your gift our affectionate greetings and thanks for this signal token of their brotherly love. "There is no Country whose glory we more delight in, none whose good opinion we are so anxious to possess, none towards which our hearts yearn with such throbbings of warm consanguinity."

We trust that the golden bond of kindred sympathies by which your visit has bound us together may never be broken, and that the Christian Citizens of the United States in the final harvest may with us "rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Signed on behalf of the Church.

HUGH S. GRIFFITHS, Pastor.

W. E. BELTON, Church Secretary.

JOHN DREWRY, Church Treasurer.

WILLIAM ANWYL, Building Fund Sec^{ty}.

JOHN SHRIVE, Building Fund Treas^r.

GAINSBOROUGH, Aug^t, 1902.

THE PUBLIC PRESS



THE PUBLIC PRESS

From the English-American Register, Berlin, Germany, Sept. 21, 1902.

Rev. Dr. Scott of Newton, Mass., was taken suddenly ill last week at Pension Mertzberg, and underwent an operation, which, however, so weakened him that a few hours afterward he died from heart failure. Mrs. Scott, who is in deep sorrow at the sudden loss of her husband, has the sympathy of the whole colony. Dr. Scott at one time occupied the pulpit of the American church here whilst the former pastor, Dr. Stuckenberg, was in America. It is probable that when Dr. Scott's son arrives from America a Memorial Service will be held.

From the Berliner Lokal Anzeiger, Sept. 26, 1902.

American Church, (Wilhelmstr. 34) American and British Union. Sunday Service 11.30 A. M. A Memorial Service for Rev. Dr. Scott of Massachusetts. Conducted by Rev. Dr. Van Slyke of New York and the pastor, Rev. J. F. Dickie, D. D.

From the New York Herald, Paris Edition, Sept. 23, 1902.

DEATH.

SCOTT. — In Berlin, Germany, September 13, 1902, Rev. George R. W. Scott, Ph. D., D. D., of Newton, Mass., U. S. A., of appendicitis.

From the Standard, London, England, Sept. 18, 1902.

Intelligence yesterday reached London of the death at Berlin of the Rev. George R. W. Scott, the official delegate of the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States to the recent Ter-centenary Celebration of the Gainsborough church. Dr. Scott was present at the May Assembly of the Congregational Union, and afterwards attended the meetings at Gainsborough, when he announced the amount of the gift of the American churches to the new church building to perpetuate the name of John Robinson, pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers. Dr. Scott was a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary, and of the Berlin University. He had filled important pastorates in New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

From the Congregationalist, Boston, Mass.

SUDDEN DEATH OF REV. G. R. W. SCOTT, D. D., PH. D.

A cable message from Berlin, Germany, announces the death of Dr. Scott in that city last Saturday from appendicitis. He left his home in Newton, Mass., last May with Mrs. Scott on a voyage to England to attend the dedication services of the Robinson Memorial Congregational Church of Gainsborough, as the fraternal delegate of the National Council of Congregational Churches. Following his appointment to that office last October, Dr. Scott took up with his accustomed vigor the work of completing the full amount named as a donation from Ameri-

can Congregationalists to this enterprise, and he carried to the meeting a sum considerably in excess of the \$5,000 asked for. He made one of the addresses at the dedication, and afterward preached several times in London and elsewhere.

Dr. Scott was born in Pittsburg, Pa., April 17, 1842, graduated from Middlebury College and from Andover Seminary in the class of 1867. He had pastorates at Newport, N. H., Chambers Street, Boston, and Fitchburg. After a prosperous work of several years at the Rollstone Church in the last-named city, he lived in Europe several years, spending the time in travel and study. He received from the University of Berlin the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. After his return he served as pastor of the First Church, Leominster, for five years. Since 1896 he has lived at his pleasant home in Newton, engaged in literary work, and preaching as a supply. Dr. Scott was a corporate member of the American Board and on the executive committee of the Home Missionary Society, and in many ways did valuable service in the denomination and for the whole Christian Church. He was a member of several literary societies. He leaves a wife and two sons, graduates of Harvard, now in professional life.

From the Newton Graphic, Sept. 19, 1902.

SUDDEN DEATH OF REV. G. R. W. SCOTT.

The friends of Rev. George R. W. Scott of Kenrick Park were greatly shocked to learn of his death last Sunday at Berlin, of appendicitis. The news was received by cable.

Dr. Scott and his wife left Newton last spring, to attend the Ter-centenary of the John Robinson Memorial Church at Gainsborough, England. He is survived by a widow and two sons, George D. and Arnold Scott.

— The body of Rev. Dr. George R. W. Scott, who died in Berlin, Germany, a few weeks ago, has been brought on, and has been placed in the receiving tomb at Mt. Auburn. Mrs. Scott and her son, Mr. Arnold Scott, will arrive this week, and after a conference with the other son, Dr. George D. Scott, who is one of the surgeons attached to the Randall's Island hospital, New York, the time for the funeral will be decided upon.

From the Newton Graphic, Oct. 31, 1902.

SCOTT. — At Berlin, Germany, Sept. 13, of appendicitis, Rev. George R. W. Scott, Ph. D., D. D. Funeral services at Eliot Church, Newton, Saturday, Nov. 1, at two. Relatives and friends invited without further notice.

From the Newton Graphic, Nov. 7, 1902.

In Eliot Church, last Saturday afternoon, a large number of relatives and friends of the late Rev. George R. W. Scott, Ph. D., D. D., the well-known preacher and writer, gathered for the funeral services. Among those present were representatives of the Massachusetts Congregational Association, of which the deceased was moderator; the American Board Home Mission-

ary Society, and other religious and literary societies to which Dr. Scott belonged. Rev. Dr. William H. Davis conducted the services, and others participating were Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie of Cambridge, Rev. Dr. Samuel E. Herrick and Rev. Dr. Edward L. Clark of Boston. Selections were rendered by the Herbert Johnson quartette. The floral tributes were numerous and of beautiful designs. Later the remains were taken to Mt. Auburn for burial.

From the Globe, Boston, Mass.

REV. DR. SCOTT AT REST

FUNERAL OF DISTINGUISHED CONGREGATIONALIST

SERVICES AT ELIOT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NEWTON

NOTABLE ASSEMBLAGE PAYS LAST RESPECTS TO HIS MEMORY

NEWTON, Nov. 1. — With every tribute of respect due to his memory, the remains of Rev. Dr. George R. W. Scott of this city, whose death occurred in Berlin Sept. 13, were laid at rest to-day.

The services, which were held at two this afternoon at the Eliot Congregational Church on Centre Street, were attended by a notable gathering. Leading Congregational clergymen from many parts of this country and from abroad, representatives of Congregational institutions with which Rev. Mr. Scott

had been connected, and professional and business men and women filled the main auditorium of the church.

The services were opened with Scripture reading by Rev. Edward L. Clark of Boston, after which prayer was offered by Rev. S. E. Herrick of Boston. A brief eulogy was pronounced by Rev. Alexander McKenzie of Cambridge, followed by invocation by Rev. William H. Davis, pastor of Eliot Church. Selections were rendered by the Herbert Johnson quartette.

At the close of the services the remains were taken to Mount Auburn cemetery for interment in the family lot. Brief services were held at the grave, Rev. James S. Barton of the American Board of Foreign Missions officiating.

The pall-bearers were Rev. C. H. Alexander and Col. Seth Richards of Newport, N. H., Rev. A. C. Conrad and Hon. Frederic Fosdick of Fitchburg, Rev. L. J. Phelps and Hon. J. D. Miller of Leominster, all representing the pastorates with which Dr. Scott had been associated, Rev. D. M. James of Plymouth, Rev. A. H. Dunning, D. D., editor of the "Congregationalist;" Rev. Alexander B. Twombly, D. D., Rev. Thomas W. Bishop and Mr. Thomas Weston of Newton, and Professor Platner of Andover. Among those present was Rev. J. H. N. Stuckenberg, D. D., of Cambridge, formerly pastor of the American Church of Berlin.

There were delegations present representing many of the institutions with which Dr. Scott was actively associated.

Among them were the American Historical Association, National Home Missionary Society, Congregational National Council, Massachusetts State Association of Congregational Churches, New England Historic Genealogical Society, American Board of Foreign Missions, Boston Theological Library, Andover Theological Seminary, Middlesex Congregational Union, Congregational Club of Boston, Bostonian Society, Monday Club and Tuesday Club of Newton, Jaffna College of Ceylon.

Extract from the Report of the Meeting of the Congregational Union held at Glasgow, Scotland: The Examiner, London, Eng., Oct. 2, 1902.

Mr. Woods read a letter from Dr. Scott, the chairman, who, in a brief cordial acknowledgment of the telegram of sympathy from the Union, expressed what a trial it had been for him to remain absent from the Union meetings for the second time. It is only too true, as Dr. Fairbairn said on Tuesday, the honor had come to Dr. Scott too late in life.

The fitfulness of life is especially exemplified in the case of his namesake, Dr. George Scott, of Massachusetts, U. S. A., whose death the Union remembered at this morning's session. It is but a month or two since that he and his wife attended the Tercentenary Celebration at Gainsborough, when he handed over to Dr. Mackennal £1,200 for the John Robinson Memorial

Church. Few who saw and heard him then will forget the handsome-looking man standing full six feet, and, withal, broadly proportioned. Nor can they forget his eloquent address on John Robinson, and the other Johns of history, which was characterized by wide learning, much humor, and an eloquent deliverance.

From the Gainsborough (Eng.) Leader, June 21, 1902.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE TER-CENTENARY CELEBRATION GIVEN
BY VARIOUS PERSONS.

The Reverend G. R. W. Scott, Ph. D., D. D., said: —

My first impression was that the programme showed great balance, most careful and skillful preparation, and bore evidence of the remarkable industry, judgment, and forethought of the committee, under the able leadership of the pastor, Rev. Hugh S. Griffiths, who throughout all the days of the celebration was the courteous, wise controller and moving spirit of the Tercentenary.

My second impression was that the hospitality was abundant, the welcome to the American visitors warm and hearty, and that all the manifested friendliness was evidently from the heart. The enthusiastic reception of myself, when on three occasions I spoke as the official delegate from America, was a sure proof of the people's desire, not only to do honor to the delegate, but to the country he represented. Nothing could exceed the appro-

priateness, tenderness, and love shown to the United States by many of the speakers. The applause, when the letters from the President, Senator Lodge, and Ambassador Choate were read, was tumultuous.

My third impression was that the exercises throughout were of a very high order. All the speakers honored the occasion by carefully prepared addresses, which were responded to most enthusiastically by the audiences. Professor Duff, on Sunday, gave the key to the Ter-centenary by his lofty and spiritual sermons. Dr. Fairbairn followed on Tuesday evening with a splendid utterance, while the meetings on Wednesday throughout were beautiful and thoughtful, magnificent tributes to the magnificent man — John Robinson.

I must be content with naming but one more impression, and that is the great moral, intellectual, and spiritual value to a community of a man like John Robinson, who lived “above the fog in public duty and in private thinking.” Gainsborough, so interesting in itself, so attractive now to Englishmen and Americans by its Robinson Memorial, will become more and more an English Mecca to the modern pilgrims, to the historical students, and true lovers of Christian truth and simplicity, by reason of this fair town being the birthplace of the eminent pastor, leader, and saint, and the starting-point of a great movement, which gave to the world religious and civil liberty in grandest measure.

Professor Duff said:—

Chief and most deeply made on one is the impression of the great power of individual devoted godly souls. Why should I not set first among such men, — men now visibly at their work, steadily, unweariedly, patiently, invincibly, — such a man and soul as the present pastor himself, Rev. Hugh S. Griffiths. He laid hold of Caskgate Church, in an unseen back street as I knew it well, thirteen years ago. He grasped that “day of small things;” but he grasped also a great idea, a great truth, a great fact, and these, the fact, the truth, and the idea, grasped him, filled him, and gave him power from the Unseen to make the new beautiful church a full sanctuary, beloved by the Free churches of Old England, and all the churches of New England, honored by the President of the great Republic, Theodore Roosevelt.

So we could look away across three hundred years, and we saw in the Gainsborough Memorial Church of to-day a life-like picture of the man, John Robinson, who, in a true sense, made, three hundred years ago, the Constitution and the best life of the United States. One man, one soul filled with a divine purpose, and steadily, unweariedly, patiently, invincibly thinking, speaking out his careful thought, his immediate communications with the Divine Being; that one man has had such power. One felt the impression, “Oh, why will any man, lay or cleric, oppress or try to oppress, to fret, to vex such individual, devoted,

godly souls!" Of course, I have implied that there was a third such individual, who made a deep impression on one of the same sort. It was Rev. Dr. G. R. W. Scott, of Boston, Mass. He virtually reaped with one hand that living harvest of £1,200 and more. The harvest was ready; he saw it, and saw how to reap it, — and he came bringing his sheaves with him. His was a wonderful and self-sacrificing service. No wonder, then, that his thanksgiving oration, on Wednesday evening, was — this is my impression — far and away the best speech, the most eloquent utterance, of all the occasion. It was beautiful, sparkling high in conception, profound in grasp of past characters, and eternal of principles, and appreciative of his hearers' needs and joys.

But pardon me adding, for I must add, that I was deeply impressed with Gainsborough, and what God has done for it, and, as Dr. Barrett said, for all the East of England. I went out to Epworth on the north on the Wednesday morning, and bowed in reverence at the spot where John Wesley was born and was saved; I ran down on the Tuesday also, to Cambridge, where the Cambridge Platonists did their brilliant thinking concerning God, in the decades between the death of John Robinson in 1625 and the birth of John Wesley in 1703. Yes, the Pilgrim Church of Gainsborough went out from those Fens to exile, but it blessed Holland, then it crossed the big ocean, and had one spiritual revival after another in New England, all through

the seventeenth century, while Robinson's followers in the University were reviving over and over again the thoughtfulness of the Old England. Then, just when John Wesley was born, Jonathan Edwards, the Welshman, was fanning the spirituality and the scholarship of New England to a great flame, which rolled back over the seas and made the English revival the marvel that it was and is.

Gainsborough aegir I watched, and felt it was a token of God's ever new revivals. By my side, as I watched it, stood a true Gainsborough heart, my Wesleyan host, full of ripe years, and ripe in spiritual strength, yet a very child in joy over that aegir, watching it with ever fresh delight. Gainsborough is singularly blest. Let each dweller there be true to it.

Another person wrote: —

Dr. G. R. W. Scott arranged the speech in which he handed over more than £1,000, with a characteristic series of letters, which brought down the house, and showed how truly his heart had been in the work. His humorous description of John Alden and Priscilla, at the luncheon, was inimitable. But his great powers of humor developed themselves in his long speech on Wednesday evening, which was remarkably clever. Nobody present will forget that the chief men of the world have been named "John."

Reverend D. M. James said: —

Dr. Duff's sermons I thought very excellent, particularly that in the evening. Dr. Mackennal I have heard before, and he was as delightful as ever, and the picture he drew of John Robinson's personality and character was delightfully interesting. Dr. Scott's very ingenious mental portrait of Robinson was admirably conceived, and very vividly presented.

Dr. Scott, I believe, has interested himself personally in the undertaking to a considerable extent? He has; he has done an immense deal of work, and by his own personal exertions, has raised the largest part of the American contributions. No man, indeed, among us, is better fitted for such a work; no man has more vigor, or more genial personality.

I can quite understand that if he is determined to have a contribution, the donor cannot very well refuse him.

From the Pittsburg Post, Sept. 16, 1902.

NEWTON, MASS., Sept. 15. — Word has been received by relatives here of the death in Berlin, Germany, of Rev. Dr. George Robert White Scott, a noted Congregational divine and author. Dr. Scott was a native of Pittsburg, Pa., having been born there in 1842.

From the Pittsburg Press, Sept. 16, 1902.

Private cable advices have been received at Newton, Mass., announcing the death in Berlin of the Rev. Dr. George Robert

White Scott, one of the foremost Congregational churchmen in the country. Dr. Scott was sixty years old and a native of Pittsburg. He was a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary, and immediately after his ordination, September 17, 1868, he accepted the pastorate of the Newport, N. H., Congregational Church. He has been a resident of Newton since 1897. He won much fame as a writer. Among his best known works are "The Italian Renaissance of To-day" and "Professor Park of Andover."

From the Pittsburg, Pa., Chronicle Telegraph, Sept. 16, 1902.

BOSTON, Sept. 16. — A dispatch from Berlin, Germany, announces the death in that city of the Rev. Dr. George Robert White Scott. Dr. Scott left Boston in the spring to represent the National Council at the centennial celebration of the John Robinson Memorial Church, Gainsborough, England. After leaving England he was taken ill in Berlin. Dr. Scott was born sixty years ago in Pittsburg. He was educated for the ministry at Andover Theological Seminary, and was ordained in 1868, accepting a charge at Newport, N. H. He was a writer of note, his best known books being "Professor Park of Andover" and the "Italian Renaissance of To-day." He leaves a widow and two sons.

From the London Times, Sept. 18, 1902.

The death has occurred at Berlin of the Rev. Dr. George R. W. Scott, the official delegate of the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States to the recent Tercentenary Celebration of the Gainsborough church. Dr. Scott was present at the May Assembly of the Congregational Union, and afterwards attended the meetings at Gainsborough, when he announced the amount of the gift of the American churches to the new church building to perpetuate the name of John Robinson, pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers. Dr. Scott was a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary and of the Berlin University. He had filled important pastorates in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and was at one time moderator of the State Association of Massachusetts.

From the Portsmouth, N. H., Times, Sept. 16, 1902.

The Rev. G. R. W. Scott, D. D., of Newton, Mass., whose death in Berlin is just reported, was pastor of the Congregational Church in Newport, in this State, some years ago. He was a preacher of great ability.

From the Boston Transcript, Sept. 19, 1902.

Rev. George R. W. Scott, D. D., Ph. D., whose death is reported to have occurred in Berlin, Sunday, belonged in Newton. He was a Congregationalist, and was born at Pittsburg.

He studied for the ministry at Middlebury and Andover. His first pastorate was at Newport, N. H., where he remained nearly seven years. He then preached for two years at the Chambers Street Church in Boston, whence he was called to the Rollstone Congregational Church, Fitchburg. After a number of years he went to Europe for study, and settled in Berlin, where he became acquainted with many of the leading German professors of theology. He remained in Berlin about two years, and received the degree of Ph. D. from Berlin University. On returning to this country he supplied the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Leominster from 1891 to 1896. He came to Newton about 1897, and had since lived at 186 Kenrick Park.

He was a writer of considerable note, among his books being "The Italian Renaissance of To-day," the result of personal study; "Professor Park of Andover, a Memoir of the Greatest American Theologian since Jonathan Edwards." He was also a contributor to the "Congregationalist," "Chicago Advance," the "Independent," and historical and religious magazines.

He had been honored many times by his denomination as a delegate to various bodies, and was one of the speakers at the last two Councils of the Congregational Churches, and moderator of the Massachusetts Association, the highest gift of the Congregationalists of his State. He had also been a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance at Florence, Italy. He

was a member of the executive committee of the Home Missionary Society, a corporate member of the American Board, and a member of the American Historical Association, New England Historic-Genealogical Society, and the Tuesday Club.

With his wife, he left Newton in the spring to represent the National Council at the centenary celebration of the John Robinson Memorial Church at Gainsborough, England. Dr. Scott was about sixty years old. He is survived by his widow and two sons.

From the Boston Morning Journal, Sept. 16, 1902.

DEATH OF A FORMER BOSTON PASTOR WHO WAS A WELL-
KNOWN WRITER.

Word was received in Newton this week of the death in Berlin, Germany, of Rev. Dr. George Robert White Scott, one of the foremost Congregational churchmen in this part of the country.

Dr. Scott left Newton early in the spring to represent the National Council at the centennial celebration of the John Robinson Memorial Church at Gainsborough, England.

Leaving England, he went to Berlin, where he was suddenly taken ill with appendicitis. His wife was with him at the time of his death.

Dr. Scott was sixty years old, and had lived on Kenrick Park,

Newton, since 1897. He was widely known as one of the most active workers in the Congregational denomination, and had attained considerable fame, both in this country and abroad, on account of his writings.

He was born in Pittsburg, April 17, 1842.

On September 17, 1868, he was ordained to the ministry, and immediately accepted the pastorate of the Newport, N. H., Congregational Church, which he held until 1873. During the next two years he acted as associate pastor of the Chambers Street Congregational Church of Boston, leaving that city to become pastor of the Rollstone Congregational Church of Fitchburg.

For twelve years he remained in that city — until ill health compelled him to resign. He went to Europe and settled in Berlin, where he lived for seven years. There he became acquainted with many of the leading German professors of theology, and received the degree of Ph. D. from Berlin University.

In 1891 he returned to America, and in 1893 accepted a call from the First Congregational Church of Leominster, where he remained until 1898. He then removed to Newton.

During his years of activity he had received many high honors at the hands of his denomination. He had been a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance at Florence, Italy, moderator of the Massachusetts Congregational Association, and was a prominent speaker at the last Council of the Congregational Church.

From the Springfield, Mass., Republican, Sept. 20, 1902.

DEATH OF REV. DR. G. R. W. SCOTT.

GREENFIELD. — Rev. Dr. G. R. W. Scott, who preached at the Second Congregational Church for three months after Rev. G. Glenn Atkins left for Burlington, died of appendicitis at Berlin, Germany, Sunday. He was a popular preacher, and made many friends while in Greenfield. Dr. Scott was formerly pastor of a church in Fitchburg, but of late had not been settled.

HIS LAST WORK

THE MISSION TO GAINSBOROUGH, ENGLAND

GEORGE ROBERT WHITE SCOTT, PH. D., D. D.

Dr. Scott performed the latest and one of the most important services of his useful life in his visit to Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, England, in June, 1902.

The Congregational church of that town dates from the year 1602. The Rev. John Robinson was its second minister. A portion of the members joined with Bradford, Brewster, and others in the formation of a church at Scrooby, Nottinghamshire, twelve miles away, Mr. Robinson becoming their minister in a short time. This company removed for conscience' sake to Holland and later to Plymouth in New England, — the Mayflower Colony, of blessed memory. As Rev. John Robinson was the clearest headed and most beloved of all the leaders and ministers of this movement, the founding of modern Congregational churches, the English and American churches of the Pilgrim faith unite in great reverence for his memory.

In 1892 the Gainsborough church resolved to erect a new house of worship, to stand as a memorial to the noble leader. The Rev. John Brown, of Bedford, England, successor of the immortal Bunyan and his biographer, came to America a few months later and attended the meeting of the National Council of Congregational Churches at Minneapolis, Minn., hoping to enlist friendly contributions for the Gainsborough memorial.

At that meeting a report was made by a committee who had been charged with the work of erecting a tablet to the memory of John Robinson in the Dutch church at Leyden, the Holland home of the Pilgrims; and this committee reported that a surplus of \$485.10 remained in hand. The Council voted to appropriate this sum to the Gainsborough church, and appointed a committee to ask the churches of the United States to increase the amount to "at least one thousand dollars." The committee made efforts to secure this result, but were not greatly successful.

At the meeting of the National Council at Portland, Ore., in 1898, it was voted that an attempt be made to raise the sum of \$5,000 for the Robinson

Memorial, and the committee continued its work. In 1901, at the meeting of the Council in Portland, Maine, the Rev. J. Morgan Gibbon, of England, presented an address from the pastor and secretaries of the Gainsborough church, giving thankful acknowledgment of the thousand dollars received, and pleading for the larger sum already named, which would be sufficient to enable them to pay the last bills on the Memorial, and also requesting "the presence of a deputation representative of American Congregationalism" to participate in the dedication of the Memorial the following year. The committee reported that it had made very earnest efforts to raise the money, had forwarded in all £430 9s. 6d., and "greatly regretted their failure" to complete the work.

The following motion was then adopted: —

We recommend that this Council be represented by a delegate at the Ter-centenary Celebration of the church in Gainsborough in 1902, and in view of the fact that a debt of one thousand pounds is still resting on the church, that we renew the indorsement of this church with a request for aid from the American churches.

For this purpose the Council selected the Rev. Dr. Scott as a gentleman who had already spent much time abroad, who was very favorably known in England, popular and persuasive at home.

After his appointment, unwilling to go empty-handed, he determined to make a strong personal effort to obtain the sum requested by the Gainsborough church, and he made sagacious appeals, based on the highest motives. He found ready responses on all sides, and raised the five thousand dollars desired and something more. Some organizations, as the Society of Mayflower Descendants, made official donations to the cause. In some cases persons, as Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, not authorized to represent the organizations in which they held high positions, gave as individuals. Unitarians, Baptists, Presbyterians, and others joined with Congregationalists, and responded to the large-hearted appeal in a magnanimous way; so that a great work of Christian, historical, and international unification was accomplished.

The exercises of the dedication of the John Robinson Memorial Church at Gainsborough were conceived and carried out in an admirable manner.

The Rev. Hugh Griffiths, pastor of the church, who planned the memorial movement and presided over all its steps, arranged for a series of meetings calculated to gather much of interest and permanent benefit into the week. Sunday, June 8, 1902, sermons were preached by the Reverend Professor Duff, of the United College at Bradford, England, at 10.45 A. M. and 6.30 P. M. In the afternoon a meeting of the Free churches of Gainsborough and vicinity was held, full of enthusiasm at the grand progress made in England and America in freedom of Christian worship and life since the foundation of the Gainsborough church three centuries before. Addresses were made by Rev. D. Melancthon James, pastor of the Congregational church of Plymouth, Mass., sent over as a representative of his church and of the State Association of Massachusetts to the Ter-centenary, and others. A united communion service was held in the evening at eight o'clock.

The Ter-centenary sermon was preached on Tuesday evening, June 10, by the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, M. A., D. D., LL. D., principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, England. Wednesday morning, June 11, a meeting was held in "The Old Hall," a very

ancient structure in the town, the property of the Hickman family, known to have been the meeting-place at one time of the Gainsborough Congregationalists, and believed by some to have been the building where the first band met for worship. A speech was here made by Sir Hickman Bacon, Bart., lord of the manor, who, though of the Church of England, spoke very strongly of the value of the Puritan movement which was represented by the Congregationalists.

The officers of the church with their invited guests sat down at noon to a luncheon, presided over by Mr. George Spicer, J. P., chairman of the Enfield School Board, treasurer of the Congregational Chapel Building Society, which was followed by addresses of a significant character in response to the toasts. Mr. J. Barlow, chairman of the Urban District Council, gave the toast, "Our Visitors," referring to the Pilgrims as

"The men who gave a nation birth,
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,
Who won at first the virgin earth
And freedom with the soil they gave."

To this Dr. Scott responded as reported in the "Gainsborough Leader."

The toast was responded to by the Rev. George R. W. Scott, D. D., who interspersed an excellent speech, delivered in a voice of rich and robust quality, with many humorous touches. He would, he said, be made of stone if he did not feel like responding to the sentiments which had been expressed, and if he did not from the depths of his heart thank those gentlemen who had uttered such sentiments in respect to his countrymen. Speaking of the presence of Mrs. Spicer, and touching lightly on the influence of women in history, he said Dr. John Brown has told us that if it had not been for Queen Elizabeth and the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, there would have been no Gainsborough church or Scrooby church, because Elder Brewster would not have been called to the part he played at Scrooby. He need hardly say it was a Pilgrim mother who first placed her foot on Plymouth rock, and it was a woman who was the last of the Pilgrimage who came over with the Mayflower. After a humorous story the speaker, coming to the serious side of his speech, and in a voice of deep impressiveness, said there was a great cloud of witnesses to the work of John Robinson and his noble band who went across the sea, and it seemed to him that if the dead rose at the time of the crucifixion of Christ and went into the city to comfort and help the poor disciples, then truly the spirits

of these Pilgrims were with us to-day, infusing into us that Puritan spirit which would enable us to distinguish between freedom in religion and freedom of religion; between independence by law and independence of law, and surely we heard the voice of the Pilgrims speaking to us words of cheer and counsel. (Applause.)

Wednesday afternoon the church building was the scene of remarkable enthusiasm. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. Dr. Barrett, of Norwich, acting chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. The first exercise was the unveiling by Mrs. George Spicer of the memorial tablet in the vestibule.

In an alcove at the top is a representation of the Mayflower reproduced from correct drawings of the period and in accord with the painting of Walter Halsell at Plymouth, Mass. The tablet bears the following inscription: —

“This tablet, unveiled June 11th, 1902, in the 300th year after the formation of the Church in Gainsborough, with which the name of JOHN ROBINSON is associated, stands as a record of the co-operation of American with English Congregationalists in

erecting a building to commemorate him, the thought of whom stirs equal reverence in English and American hearts."

After the singing of a verse of the American national anthem the chairman introduced the delegate from America, and Dr. Scott was received most cordially. The notes which he prepared before the occasion will give but slight idea of the full address.

THE PRESENTATION ADDRESS

I come to you to-day in a double capacity to represent America on this interesting and historical occasion. As the official delegate of the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States I shall give an address this evening. This afternoon, however, I am permitted to voice various denominations, historical societies, clubs, and individuals who desire to strengthen and perpetuate cordial relations between England and America.

I have the exceeding honor, first of all, to bring to you a letter from our President, Theodore Roosevelt,

historian, scholar, statesman, soldier, gentleman, friend, who sends through me a message of good-will and tenderest regard.

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, April 28, 1902.

DEAR DR. SCOTT, — I have been much interested to learn of the celebration in connection with the dedication of the John Robinson Memorial Church at Gainsborough, England, June 11, next. It is eminently fitting that such permanent and tangible tribute should be paid to the memory of the great pastor and leader of the Pilgrims, who did so much in laying the foundation for the world-wide supremacy of the English-speaking folk.

I congratulate you heartily upon your opportunity to share in the celebration, and through you I send to those having it in charge my best wishes for its complete success.

Very sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

REV. GEORGE R. W. SCOTT, D. D.

NEWTON, MASS.

[The reading of this letter caused an outburst of the most glowing enthusiasm, the whole audience rising and receiving the communication with sentiments and expressions such as they would have used had it come from their king.]

Our senior senator from Massachusetts, the Honorable George Frisbie Hoar, has been here in person and spoken to you. The junior senator of the old Bay State, the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, has sent you a message: —

UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
April 18, 1902.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have your kind letter, and I am very glad to hear that you are going to be present at the Ter-centenary Celebration of the Separatist movement to be held this year at Gainsborough. In that movement the history of New England and of the United States began. To all New England men the name of John Robinson is one of the most venerated among the names of founders. The Plymouth Pilgrims went forth with his blessing, and we of New England can have no better hope than that we may continue to deserve that blessing and live up to the noble standard of that devout man.

Sincerely yours,

H. C. LODGE.

REV. GEORGE R. W. SCOTT.

The honorable ambassador of our nation at the Court of St. James has also honored the occasion with a letter which I am happy to present: —

AMERICAN EMBASSY, LONDON, June 8, 1902.

MY DEAR DR. SCOTT, — I regret very much that my engagements here prevent my accompanying you to attend the dedicatory services of the John Robinson Memorial Church at Gainsborough this week.

The memory of John Robinson, as the pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers in Holland, is held in grateful remembrance by all Americans. It is impossible to exaggerate the wholesome influence of his liberal and catholic spirit upon those brave and pious Englishmen who went forth from his pastoral charge to found a new state in the wilderness upon the principles of civil and religious liberty. Let us give him his full share of the credit for whatever they and their children have done in promotion and defense of that liberty.

His parting words to his flock, as they were about to sail on their perilous and eventful voyage, cannot be too often recalled, for they reveal his lofty character, and show him to have been far in advance of his age, — indeed quite abreast of the most enlightened spirit of our own day.

I am delighted to hear of the generous contribution you are bringing from America for the completion of the Memorial Church at Gainsborough, on the spot where he taught before his departure to join the Pilgrims in Holland. It will certainly be accepted in the same spirit in which it is given, and as a proof that at the end of three centuries his influence is still living and potent on both sides of the Atlantic.

I trust that the celebration at Gainsborough will be very successful, and that you as the representative of the Congregational Churches of America, will carry home a renewed assurance of the friendly and hospitable feeling which all England is constantly manifesting towards us.

Yours very truly,

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

REV. GEO. R. W. SCOTT, D. D.

I have great pleasure in bringing also this paper, which embodies the greetings and substantial expressions not only of American Congregationalists, but of Unitarians, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Episcopalians. You will be interested to learn that in the document which I hold in my hand containing the names of the donors to the John Robinson Memorial Church Fund, which I had the honor of raising in America, are the names of the Honorable William E. Dodge, the great philanthropist, D. Willis James, Esquire, late vice-president of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the Honorable Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker poet, and others from New York. First in the Massachusetts list is the name of an eminent, large-brained, large-hearted Congregationalist, His Excellency

W. Murray Crane, governor of the State which has Plymouth in its limits. "God bless the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" The Honorable Charles Francis Adams, lineal descendant of two of our presidents; the Honorable Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, our former ambassador to France, and grandson of President Thomas Jefferson; President Eliot and Professor Norton of Harvard University, and Dr. Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts, successor of Phillips Brooks, liberal and truly catholic like his predecessor, who unsolicited sent a warm tribute to John Robinson with his personal check.

Time fails me to speak in detail of the gifts of the Provisional Committee of the National Council, the Mayflower Descendants, Congregational clubs, and various organizations, all showing their appreciation, sympathy, and love. Speaking as I am authorized to do for these friends and admirers of John Robinson and the Pilgrims, I thank the pastor and this church for their thoughtful and heartfelt consideration in asking America to unite with England in the presentation of this beautiful bronze tablet unveiled today. Let it speak while yet the honor of heroic vir-

tue shall dwell upon human lips, until holy lives so sorely tried shall find after all their wanderings the Father's house on high.

There remains for me the joy of placing in the hands of the chairman of the Robinson Memorial Joint Committee of the Congregational Union of England and Wales these drafts representing £1,000 (plus £37 6s. 5d.) for the payment of the last indebtedness upon this church; with the wish that the surplus may be used by your committee for the decoration of this edifice.

May God bless this gift to the closer union of the two great English-speaking nations, to the great good of this Zion, and the holding up of Christ's kingdom and the glory of His name.

The frequent and hearty bursts of applause throughout the entire speech showed the enthusiastic spirit with which it was received.

The crowning session of the Ter-centenary Celebration was that of Wednesday evening, when Dr. Scott presented his formal address as the representative of American Congregationalists ; every word

was received with most respectful attention, the highest admiration, and enthusiastic applause. Yet the reader can have only a faint idea of the grace and power with which the speaker captured and elevated and held the audience in that, his last great address.

THE EVENING ADDRESS

JOHN ROBINSON

THE GREAT ENGLISHMAN AND THE GREAT AMERICAN

Thank God for this glad hour! Let us first render praise to Him who has made possible this grand opportunity to acknowledge our obligation to John Robinson.

One of your great historians (Macaulay) tells us of an old soldier, a Sepoy, going to the office of a high official in India, and seeing on the wall a picture of his old English commander, the celebrated General Coote, first paid military obeisance to the dead and then to the living. So let me, before addressing the living, salute the dead, the great Pilgrim, our common pastor and leader — the hero and the saint.

I wish to thank the honored chairman for his gracious words, also the worthy pastor of this church for his great courtesy and hearty reception, and you all for this English welcome, which, at once, has made me feel at home. My wife feels at home, since her ancestors on her mother's side came from this region. At this celebration, emblazoned now on your calendar, let me bring across the seas America's tribute of love, of reverence, of gratitude to him whose name this church bears. If "patriotism grows warm upon the plains of Marathon and piety is enkindled amid the ruins of Iona," surely a visit to the English "Homes and Haunts of the Pilgrims" under the guidance of our chairman must revive our enthusiasm for the great pastor and his noble band, and make our love of Christian truth and honor, courage and fortitude, glow with fervor. We have Plymouth and the Rock in the old Bay State, Cape Cod and Provincetown, Clark's Island and Duxbury. We own Elder Brewster's chair, Standish's sword, Peregrine White's cradle, Winslow's pewter mug, one of Bradford's books, "John Robinson's Justification of Separation," and many other Pilgrim relics. They

are *yours*. You have Gainsborough and Scrooby, Austerfeld, Bawtry, Grimsby, Boston, and all the country which can be seen from Lincoln Cathedral, together with the old English ports in which the Pilgrim Fathers took refuge in the summer of 1620, — Southampton, Dartmouth, and Plymouth. They are *ours*. We have *together* Amsterdam, Leyden, and Delft-Haven. England and America. What have we not?

Having paid our homage to the Pilgrim shrines in the New World, in view of this occasion we have made the Pilgrim round in the Old World, and gladly dwelt in this neighborhood, in this “land of memory, a land of promise, flowing with the milk and honey of delicious memories,” and have had our hearts and minds stirred anew by seeing the places associated with those “angels of martyrdom and victory,” brothers both extending protecting wings over the cradle of American life.

I fully recognize that the honors paid me to-night are for the official delegate of the National Council representing all the Congregational churches of the United States. I bring to you, at this Ter-centenary

Celebration, the churches' most Christian salutations, their most loving greetings, their heartiest felicitations, and tenderest "God bless you."

Though but a humble messenger, I am lifted to greatness beyond any personal worth on the authority of your "Times;" since, in the words of a leader, I learn that "the sympathy of the people of Massachusetts is a title to the consideration of the world; no community of which we have any knowledge approaches in enlightenment or morality to the inhabitants of this part of the Union." May I say that I am a citizen of Massachusetts? My brethren here from that State represent the enlightenment and I the morality, or, if they do not like the order, they are the sweetness and I am the light.

All countries worth living have their great heroes, names with which to conjure: England her Cromwell, "that rugged boulder of primitive manhood lying there on the dead-level of the century;" France her Napoleon, the hero of a people still grasping after the shade of the little corporal; Germany her Frederick, the man of the sword, making yet the Fatherland a great military camp; Italy her Savona-

rola; Russia her Peter the Great; Sweden her Gustavus Adolphus; Hungary her Kossuth; and America her George, — St. George, if you please, — “potent knight, too, not content in youth, hatchet in hand, in hacking innocent cherry-trees, but in manhood cutting off abuses and blazing away for truth and liberty.” His hatchet (may I remind you) was of English make.

But England and America, “those dear extremes that love to touch,” have in common John Robinson, the great Englishman — the great American — the man held in reverence and love by us both, a name at once a tie and inspiration to these two great liberty-loving nations.

Lest I detain my subject, let me hasten to say that there is a deep significance in the first name of our Common Saint, pastor, and spiritual leader. John means God’s gift, a name having a peculiar and close attachment to reformers, martyrs, heroes of the faith. There must have been a predestined cause — a philosophical reason, a logical necessity — a prescience not born of man, to have made so many parents give the name of John to so many sons who have led the

world in duty, in thought, in action, pioneers preparing the way of God's marching hosts.

Lowell in his "Biglow Papers" (p. 68) mentions a John P. Robinson, who wanted to set the world right. The famous satire ends: —

"Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow.
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers
To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough.

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez the world 'll go right ef he hollers out, Gee!"

But the great *Johns* of history, our *John* Robinson included, were not content to stand and shout "Gee" to the world's team. They *were* the world's team, appointed by God, "foreordained" to draw the chariot of salvation, truth, and liberty down the centuries, — men who thought right, did right, and were right, and made the right at a great cost, the Johns who prayed and worked, blessed and loved: as *John* Baptist, the last prophet of the old dispensation, who became first in the new kingdom; *John*, the beloved disciple; *John* Chrysostom of Constantinople,

John Huss of Prague, *John* Calvin, *John* of Barneveld, *John* Wickliffe, *John* Knox, "whose voice was as ten thousand trumpets" in the ears of Scottish Protestantism; *John* Milton, "that Cathedral spirit" where were unveiled the saints brought from the gallery in the clouds; *John* Bunyan, whose "hot temples were cooled and his hair lifted by the breezes of the hills of Paradise;" *John* Pym and *John* Hampden, *John* Howe, *John* Bradford, and *John* Fox, Ancestis-like, shooting their arrows with such force as to take fire, opening a bright pathway into the skies; *John* Smith, adventurer though he was, who sailing along the New England coast associated himself with the Pilgrims by giving the name of Plymouth to their town; *John* Penry, the Welsh martyr; *John* Howard the philanthropist; *John* Wesley, the preacher; and *John* Keats, "the seer who found his generation;" *John* Ruskin, that knight errant to the poor, and *John* Newton, whose soul God received "as the sea the bather to return it cleansed, itself unsoiled;" and last to-night in the English list (which holds other famous Johns, like *John* Bright) is that one, so full of contradictions, you have said, who has played a wondrous rôle in the world, — *John* Bull!

You would not have me omit those *Johns* working in American fields, — those *ten Johns* out of the forty-one men who signed the compact of the Mayflower, — of whom *John* Carver, first governor of Plymouth Colony, was the leader; nor *John* Endicott, the first governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony; and *John* Winthrop, the second governor of that Colony; *John* Winthrop, Jr., first governor of Connecticut; *John* Davenport, the great preacher; *John* Harvard, founder of our college in Cambridge, Massachusetts; *John* Cotton, the minister of old Boston and new Boston, with *John* Wilson, his colleague; *John* White, of Dorchester, England; *John* Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians; *John* Hancock, with the bold hand; *John* Adams, and his son *John* Quincy Adams, both presidents; *John* Jay, first chief justice of the United States, and *John* Marshall, the greatest of his successors.

Then passing our many other *Johns* in the American list, we come to *John* Brown, whose “soul is marching on;” and not to be outdone by *John* Bull, we must name the liveliest in this second column, our brother *John A. Than*, who according to Emer-

son is but the Jonathanization of the English John! But among them all stands in lofty proportions our John Robinson, preacher, pastor, statesman, leader, may his shadow never grow less; for when a people lift a saint into a hero, heroes of the saintly order continue to rise from out the people.

Regret has been expressed by our chairman and by many others that no well-attested portrait, as they conceive, exists of the patron saint of the Pilgrims. So great has been the demand for one that eminent artists have been lovingly compelled to picture John Robinson at the departure of the Pilgrims from Delft-Haven kneeling and breathing a blessing upon a portion of his flock setting out for the wilderness: —

“No home for these! too well they knew
The mitred king behind the throne:
The sails were set, the pennons flew,
And westward ho! for worlds unknown.”

HOLMES.

Who in all Holland or England thought then that the departure of an almost nameless band for New England would make an epoch in the world's history? The stepping westward was a “heavenly

destiny." It *was* an epoch, and so the scene has been depicted in paintings adorning alike the halls of Westminster and the capitol at Washington, worthy tributes of two mighty nations to men of conscience. Fit is the comment of our Motley, — "Sympathy with all that is lofty and heroic in our common race is one of the many imperishable bonds of union between the two great and scarcely divided peoples." ["John of Barnweld," vol. ii. p. 340.]

I am not an artist or the son of an artist, and yet I have ventured to bring with me across the sea a sketch of John Robinson, which has long been hanging in my mental portrait gallery. The salt air and spray, injurious to many things, may have dulled this picture on the way, so that I can properly ask you to use the eyes of your imagination, your best understanding, your truest sympathy, and your warmest interest to bring out any faded lines.

The finding of the Robinson crayon is connected with an experience of a friend of mine who lost his mother so early in life that he bore no recollection of her face. As a child, losing both parents, he was brought by kind friends from the Pacific to the Atlan-

tic coast. The son, grown to manhood when I first knew him, had in vain sought for a picture of her whose memory he loved and revered. He made some time ago a journey to the place of his birth in California, and there in his old home, still occupied by a relative, he found many letters written by his mother. He read them with ever increasing interest and joy, and when I saw him in his study after his return, he exclaimed, "I have found my mother's picture. It is right here in these pages which seem so old and faded. Out of them she has come fair, beautiful, lovely, saintly. This picture can never fade."

So after a loving and faithful conning of the old letters, sermons, and books of our great pastor, and a searching in libraries of contemporaneous history, and looking over old prints collected by antiquarians, there appeared to me the portrait of John Robinson, which I have only reproduced in roughest sketch and faintest outline.

Hosea Biglow, you remember, employed the same method in producing the portrait of one of Robinson's flock, and thus he saw "A Pilgrim Father" in the door:—

“He wore a steeple hat, tall boots, an’ spurs
With rowels to ’em big ez ches’nut burrs,
An’ his great sword behind him sloped away
Long ’z a man’s speech that dunno wut to say.”

John Robinson, our minister, with Leyden as the principal background of the sketch, appears, you perceive, somewhat differently from his parishioners in the forest. His dress is certainly not martial, and it is not of the Dutch style, since he was anxious to have his people go to America away from Holland customs, dress, and influence. A chronicler writes, “There seems to have been at all times a supreme anxiety on the part of both Pilgrim and Puritan settlers to get English clothes upon the red brethren of the forest.” Evidently our John wears clothes of English pattern and make. His costume, you perceive, is black, a color long assumed by clergymen of whatever sect, for economy’s as for sanctity’s sake, we might infer. He has a long waistcoat of the cassock type; a coat somewhat brief; closely fitting, short breeches; long hose and low shoes with buckles. His collar, not a dog one, is large and turned down; his cuffs, also large, covering his coat-sleeves at the wrists.

He wears, you note, a skull cap, as befits the Elisha condition of his hair; on the street he puts on the steeple hat, and also, when necessary, a cloak or gown, which serves him in the cold, or as minister in his own house, where in the simplicity of the early church the Pilgrims worshiped. He looks (does he not?) in our sketch to be in the forties, of good height, strong body, with full beard, pointed at the chin.

His face, though healthful in appearance, is somewhat pale as becomes the former student of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, the honorary member of the University of Leyden, and the scholar acquainted with the classics, the church fathers, and especially the Bible. You can see his head. It is large, finely shaped, holding a brain capable of thinking in such a way as to move and teach men as Brewster and Bradford, Carver and Fuller, and to write books of commanding power. His eyes, like our King Arthur's, seem "pools of purest love," holy eyes to guide the way to heaven, blue at times, changing to brown or black as beauteous love or righteous anger stirs him.

Above these are marks of keen perception, a white, broad forehead upon which some angel has written the name of his God. His nose, you may remark, is somewhat prominent, nostrils full to give air passage to the brain; a nose showing, indeed, aggressiveness and force, but tempered and softened by a genial countenance, — a mouth firm yet pliant when it will, the mouth of an orator capable of variant expression, a nose and mouth after what has been termed the New England pattern — then the Gainsborough and Scrooby style, this in measure at present since our guilty chairman [“Homes and Haunts,” p. 58], Dr. Mackennal, tells us, “The quick ear can still catch in the speech of the folk in South Yorkshire and its Lincolnshire border the slightly nasal twang and the rising inflection of the voice which we associate with New England.”

Your English antiquarians, in violation, it would seem, of the Monroe Doctrine, have been claiming for old England some peculiar words we thought were ours exclusively in New England, and may soon demand many more characteristic expressions and customs fondly cherished by us as pure American,

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and now they have actually taken away our New England, our Yankee "twang," but with true British generosity you have given us in return nearly all Ireland. Let us not, however, in our side barter forget our sketch of your townsman which demands further study.

Robinson's chin shows decision. Some represent it as a yielding one, — yes! the well-known English yielding, willing always to yield when the opposition freely confess themselves in the wrong. His cheeks speak of plenty and good digestion, for he had special privileges granted him in Leyden in the line of good cheer. His ears are well shaped, tuned to celestial sounds, and yet able to hear the groans of earth. His general appearance, you cheerfully concede, translating your faces, leads us to characterize Robinson as tolerant and charitable, free from bigotry, Christianly liberal, broad, generous, and sympathetic, grandly catholic, answering his farewell address, letters, sermons, and books. Do I need to enter into fuller description? The sketch speaks for itself, does it not? Here he is before us — a man — with a character chiming with the eternal harmonies, the

man of intellect and heart, the man of God, fit leader of a peculiar people, "the natural leader," as our Weeden says, "of men and constructor of society, one of the founders of the mightiest republic the world ever saw."

Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker, that playful historian, said the "Colonists resolved that they would take the legislation of Moses as the laws of the province till such time as they had leisure to make better." Seriously, the Pilgrims had leisure on board the Mayflower to put into enduring form truths and principles given by the one greater than Moses, and to ponder the Christian lessons taught by his servant, John Robinson.

The Covenant of Citizenship signed on board that little vessel in 1620, off Provincetown, had its origin right here in Gainsborough in the covenant of the Lord, a covenant, judging from internal evidence, written by our great leader himself, — a document which has served as an important factor in the structure of the American Constitution. "The Mayflower," our Bancroft writes, "was the birthplace of popular constitutional liberty." But was not the

Mayflower built at Gainsborough? John Robinson never reached, as he purposed, the American shores. He never went back to his native land, but died in Leyden five years after the landing of the Pilgrims, amidst the lamentations of his flock. "If," wrote his brother-in-law, "either prayers, tears, or means would have saved his life, he had not gone hence." "He lived the leader and guide of our fathers; he died to become the type of greatness to us and to our posterity."

The members of that little Pilgrim band, like their pastor, had heroic stuff in them. Their fame is unique in history, shining with a lustre all their own. They have had their critics such as those named by Gibbon: —

1. Who saw nothing but their beauties.
2. Who saw nothing but their faults.
3. And those who saw nothing at all.

They had their "outs," but these were the excess of their "ins." They should not be charged with the debt of the Puritans. They were Pilgrims, who did not persecute, remaining true to the teachings of their beloved pastor. It was borne upon the Pilgrims

that "God had some arduous duty which they must fulfill" in the remote parts of the world, and they would stay in the wilds to be his co-workers, though half their number was struck down the first winter. "They sent," said our Rufus Choate, "the Mayflower away, and went back, those stern, strong men, to their imperial labors."

They were "drawn from the bosom of the English people." "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain into the wilderness." [Stoughton, 1665.] Some one has said that God sifted the Universal Church and made Puritans, sifted Puritans and made Pilgrims, sifted Pilgrims and made men like Robinson and Brewster — to make a country. The Pilgrims remained true to "the vision that brought them through their sufferings to their Olivet, the opening sky, the ascending cloud, the welcoming heavens," — the coronation of the saints.

1. Say that the "direct and immediate influence of the Pilgrims upon the destinies of America may have been less conspicuous than some New England colonists who followed them." Then answer as Robert C. Winthrop: "It was the bright, shining wake they

left upon the waves, it was the clear and brilliant beacon they lighted upon the shores, that caused them to have any followers. They were the pioneers in that peculiar path of emigration which alone conducted to these results."

Were we of open sense, as the Greeks were, employing Carlyle's phrase, "we had found a poem here; one of Nature's own poems, such as she writes in broad facts over great continents. For it was properly the beginning of America. There were struggling settlers in America before, some material of a body was there, but the soul of it was first this."

That Pilgrim poem, begun by "idealists" and "seers," has been gloriously making — not so much in rhythmic lines and cadences, sung alone by choirs, as in the poetry of industry, of growth, of school and farm, of shop and ship and car, — in great religious and national movements, thoughts that compass the continent and the world, in holy music of the earthly saints, — resolves and efforts to be ultimated by God's strength and blessing, a poem to grow in fullness, in power, in vitality, and range, and sweetness, if the people are "true to the courage of the Pilgrim

Fathers, to their lofty stride and aspiration, to their superiority over fortune and the dust, to their foundations of education and the home, and to their consecration of themselves to the glory of God, the advancement of faith, and the honor of their country.”

2. Say that the men of the Mayflower, with few exceptions, were not as great as some count greatness. Then answer, — They were big enough to make Milton mourn their loss to England. “They were great,” as our Bushnell phrases it, “in their unconsciousness.” [“Work and Play,” p. 132.] The unconscious expressions are the true revealers of character. They wist not that they were building so well. God was in them a latent power to flame out in deeds to hasten the on-going of the Kingdom. “Their greatness was the unconscious greatness of their simple fidelity to God, the divine instinct of good and of wisdom by which God as a reward upon duty made them authors and founders of a social state under forms appointed by Himself.”

3. Say that the Pilgrims, though not persecuting, were narrow. Then answer, — Yes, they were narrow and they were broad. “Broad as the love of

God,—as narrow as his righteousness.” “They had an edge to them,” according to our Lowell, “as men that serve in great emergencies must have, for a Gordian Knot is settled sooner with a sword than a beetle.” They were narrow as the Cañon in our Yosemite or Yellowstone Park is narrow where the great depth gives the impression that the sides are contracted. The high sides of Pilgrim character draw into a seeming narrow channel the terrific force of their intense nature.

This intensity meant contraction, if you please, but it was the contraction of moral Niagaras.

4. Say that the Pilgrim’s strictness, at times, exceeded reason. Whose reason? The reason of the “Book of Sports,” of the libel of the Blue Laws, of the Sunday dances around poles, of the laugh of harlequins, of midnight revels. Yes,—they pleaded guilty to the charge of precision, and answered, “We have a precise God to deal with.”

Their very strictness, their precision, their straitened souls, under their peculiar circumstances, only proved their “close fidelity and sacred homage to reason, which is itself but a name for true spiritual

honor and greatness." They were strictly truthful, strictly honest, strictly sincere, strictly conscientious. Their God was loving, the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, but He was also "precise," not looking upon sin with any allowance.

Those Pilgrims compared with Cavaliers were, it may be, brusque, but men knew where to find them. They could say "No" with tremendous force, and to do this denotes a stout, brave people, uncomfortable, we confess, to wrong-doers. One of your poets has told us of one who

"Could plead, expound and argue,
Fire with wit, with wisdom glow;
But one word forever failed him,
Source of all his pain and woe:
Luckless man! he could not say it,
Could not, dare not, answer 'No.'"

It was the inability to pronounce that one syllable "No," according to Plutarch, which made the inhabitants of Asia vassals to one. The Pilgrims would not be vassals, but men, free men, and so they said "Yes" to the right, and "No" to the wrong. Their

speech was Yea — Yea, or Nay — Nay, — never Yes and No, or No and Yes. They were never found in an equivocal position between earth and heaven, and touching neither.

Their strict attention to the precise gospel directions did not permit them to stand

“Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites,”

but ever to mount the glory-smitten summits leading to the Paradise of God.

5. Say that with rare exceptions, as Robinson, Clyfton, Brewster, Smyth, and a few others, the Pilgrims were not men of letters, having never learned in the university, but they knew, above those of their times, how to appreciate men of letters. They believed in the Bible, in a trained ministry, in the meeting-house, in the town meeting, in a church patterned after the early church, and in the school and college, and all this when Governor Sir William Berkeley (1640) was writing from Virginia to the Lords Commissioners: “I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have (them)

these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged these libels against the best government."

Well has it been for us and the world that God was deaf to that prayer, and that his ears were open to the Pilgrim saints who cried mightily for truth and liberty, for soul and mind enlightenment, for help to found a nation after God's first choice.

"And these were they who gave us birth,
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,
Who won for us this virgin earth
And freedom with the soil they gave.

"The Pastor slumbers by the Rhine;
In alien lands the exiles lie,
Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,
His words our noblest battle-cry."

Where did John Robinson find that battle-cry, "God and liberty"? Where did he and that now famous band get their great thoughts of freedom and equality, of truth and poetry? Where but in the Scriptures they loved and lived? They insisted upon

having the Bible in the heart and head, in the family and church, in the school and college. Listen to what Dean Farrar, an English state preacher and high official at Canterbury, says: "It was the Bible that made America what she is. It was the Bible and the preference of its pure, unadulterated lessons to subservience to the tyranny of bishops which sent the Pilgrim Fathers in the Mayflower to the New England they were to make so great."

America can remain great by continually putting into action the *truths* which alone can make free.

Guizot, the French historian, then an exile in England, asked our representative at the Court of St. James, "How long will the American Union exist?" Lowell replied, "It will exist so long as the men of America hold to the fundamental principles of their fathers." Nobly, grandly, Christianly said. Abandon these "fundamental principles" and our beloved nation must be counted among the political wrecks. God of our fathers, help us!

We read that when Jesus died, the graves were opened and many bodies of the saints which slept arose. Now when — if it be true as is maintained in

many quarters — the Son of God is crucified afresh between the two thieves of Atheism and Anarchy, and men like the soldiers are sporting before the great realities represented by the Cross, gambling, so to speak, for some vestment, some rite, some ceremony, some trust, forgetting all about truth and honor and fair conduct, intent upon the human and oblivious of the divine, throwing their dice into helmets and following with their eyes the implements of playing instead of looking at Him who is the hope of the church and nation, it is high time for resurrections; that the old saints in their graves rise to help the saints of to-day.

Give us men of the old Christian type, like Samuel Adams, who “robbed the grave of its oblivion and lives on an example and inspiration to the American patriot;” like John Robinson, the great republican before the republic, preacher, pastor, teacher, leader, one of the great builders of our nation. Give us men like these and others we might name to stamp anew the country with God and liberty, men of the old Pilgrim spirit, to help us assimilate the many diverse elements flooding our land. Give us the old saints

like Luther, whose words were battles; like Gustavus Adolphus, who made Protestantism respected in Europe; like Cromwell, "that rugged boulder of primitive manhood lying there on the dead-level of the century;" men who will speak out with emphasis: "Be ye not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God;" men who will not confound freedom *in* religion with freedom *from* religion, or independence *by* law with independence *of* law.

"God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!

"Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,

Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps!"

But Freedom will not continue to weep, nor Wrong rule, nor Justice sleep, when we renew our allegiance to the fundamental principles of our spiritual and national fathers; while John Robinson and the Pilgrim band shall live in our memories, while yet the honor of their heroic virtue shall dwell on human lips until human lives so sorely tried shall find after their many Pilgrim tossings upon time's ceaseless waves a home where they may rest.



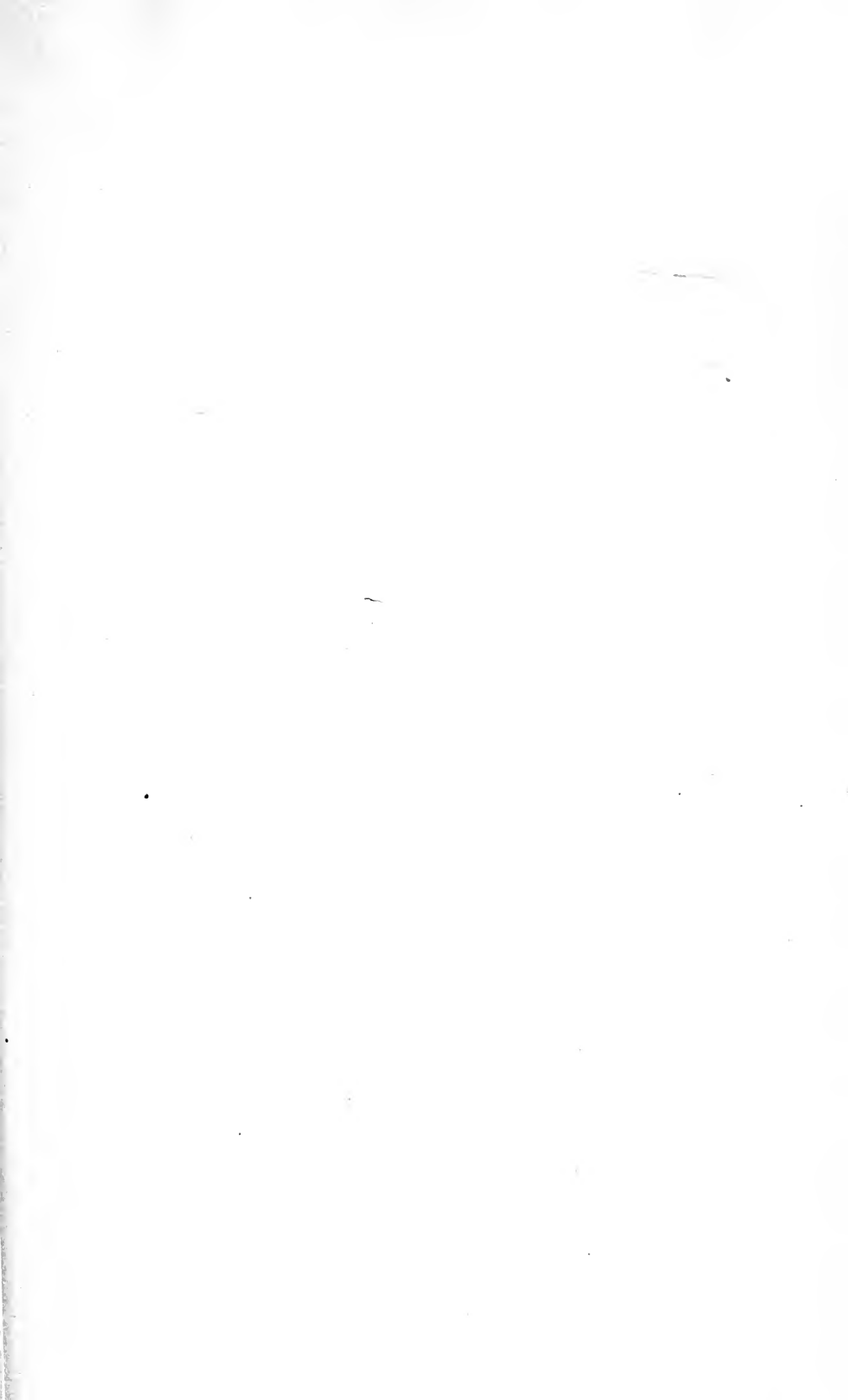
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